

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1883.

NO. 30.

FALL RIVER LINE

—FOR—

New York, SOUTH AND WEST. PILGRIM and BRISTOL.

Connecting trains leave Boston from OLD COLONY DEPOT week days at 4.45 p. m., (Accommodation) 6 p. m., SPECIAL EXPRESS, through to steamer at Fall River in 75 minutes. 7 p. m. Sundays.

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This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates as low as other lines.

30 July

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Plenty of Shade,
Good Water,

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Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

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Arlington Wheat Biscuit,
Evaporated Apple and Peach,
Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

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Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can have them left at their houses by leaving their orders at the Arlington Bakery.

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Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

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A. P. SMITH,

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Fine Butter.

Visits Arlington every Monday. Persons desiring fresh packages of finest butter can be supplied by addressing

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Middlesex Fells.

Hon. Elizur Wright read an essay a week ago last Sunday morning in Investigator Hall on the "Relation of Animal and Vegetable Life." The paper had been read on another occasion as a lecture for the encouragement of raising a fund of \$300,000 to secure the "Middlesex Fells" enterprise, or for the creation of a 4000 acre forest park for the promotion of the health and moral improvement of the citizens of Boston for all future generations. He narrowed down his subject, and announced it in these words, "The relations of man to the tree." No subject, he said, is deemed of greater importance to health and the promotion of social enjoyment than the preservation of natural forests, when and where it can be done near a large city, for the good of that large class pertinently denominated "stay-at-homes," families who have not money to go abroad, and, therefore, would enjoy such a park as is proposed in the "Middlesex Fells." Mr. Wright is hopeful that this park in prospect shall be secured and become a delightful suburban retreat for the people of Boston and its vicinity.

Reunion of a Witch's Descendants.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch, July 19, 1692, held a reunion at Tapleville, in Danvers, on Wednesday. Could the sainted martyr have been alive Wednesday, and visited the old homestead in Danvers and heard the judgment pronounced by her descendants on her judges and murderers in 1692, and heard the praises bestowed on her humble self, she certainly would have been willing to go back and lie down once more with her fellow victims in eternal repose, satisfied that her own memory, and that of her enemies, had been justly dealt with. The reunion and picnic was held at the old homestead at Tapleville, in Danvers. The old two-story lean-to house, in which Rebecca lived and from which she was taken to jail, is still standing, and is occupied by her descendants. About 200 people were present, the youngest being Ernest Nourse, of Lexington, one year of age last month, and the oldest, David Nourse, of Westboro, 85 years of age.

Can one imagine anything that would be more humiliating to Bismarck than for a marked copy of a Chinese newspaper to be sent him, in which it was stated that "von Bismarck, the prominent hog packer of America, has the gout." Yet as provoking a mistake was recently made by the German Ministry of Public Works, at Berlin, who stated that Hon. Allen G. Thurman, Elihu B. Washburne and Thomas M. Cooley, who served as referees in a certain railway dispute some months ago, "were three English railroad men, who were selected because of their learning and fitness, and who crossed the salt seas by request, to form an intelligent judgment on the spot, and then made a report to the two houses of parliament." This, bad as it is, however, is not quite equal to the mistake of those English papers, which represented R. B. Hayes, ex-president, as a Methodist local preacher, and stated that during a projected visit to Europe he would preach in a number of Wesleyan chapels. Such is fame.

R. T. REFUSE,

BLACK SMITH.

HORSESHOEING

—AND—

Carriage Manufacturing.

Light and Heavy Express, Market

and Manure Wagons,

made to order, in a superior manner.

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SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.

30 July

NOTICE

To Residents of Lexington

On and after Monday, July 23, my bread team will run to Lexington every day. Sundays with brown bread and beans, when ordered.

Families not having my call card can have one on application to the driver.

H. B. SPALDING, 30 July

Agent for the Arlington Bakery.

Ice Cream

By the Glass, Quart or Gallon.

Parties and picnics supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. B. SPALDING, Agt.

Arlington Bakery

30 July

The Hills of Milton.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, with other members of the B. Y. M. C. Union, I richly enjoyed a ride in a barge through the new West Roxbury park and to the foot of the most prominent peak of the Blue Hills of Milton. The day was warm, with a good breeze from the west. The ride of two hours was fatiguing, but full of interest and picturesque. The pathway to the summit is a stony, rugged, gradual rise, easy of ascent, and was made on foot, — three-quarters of a mile in thirty minutes. Though clear, a mist hung at the horizon, shutting off distant objects. A satisfactory view could not be obtained. The glass did not add thereto. Mt. Wachusett was only discernible in its outline. Mounts Watatic, Monadnock, with other distant mountains usually seen, were not in sight. The gilded dome, dimly pushing through the haze, was all that could be discovered of the city. The ocean view, the charm of all, was shut off by the fog, or the sight was thereby made so dim as to tire the eye. The near cities, towns and villages, were clearly seen. The Neponset river, with its picturesque valley, famous as the fowl meadows, meandered for miles along our vision. Cattle, looking no larger than sheep, were grazing on its upland sections. The B. & P. Railroad passing alongside, crossing and re-crossing the river, with trains in motion thereon, gave a pleasure to the eye.

Four years ago I found the outlook different. A panorama full of loveliness was spread before me. The sun was in full force, which, with intervening clouds, threw shadows upon the surface of the earth, like irregular patchwork, constantly changing and giving a peculiar charm to the vision. This continued for an hour, when the wind, which had been south, shifted to the west with a squall which passed apparently over the city, leaving the heavens cloudless, the sky serene, clear, the air invigorating, making a perfect day.

The summit is just far enough—eight hundred feet—from the ocean to give a bird's eye view of a radius of thirty miles, a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles. The eye loses itself in immensity at the boundless prospect. We are in Norfolk county, with portions of six other counties in view, and cities and towns embraced therein. We clearly see Mt. Wachusett, Monadnock, Watatic, Prospect Hill, and other lesser ranges of mountains. Spires, large buildings, with cities, towns, villages, lakes and wooded regions are in every direction.

The most delightful charm is the look upon the fortifications, the islands, the lights, Nantasket Beach, the headlands, and beyond and around all these, the ocean, the bay with steamers and vessels under sail, and Nahant, Lynn, Marblehead, Cohasset, Scituate on the sea shore. Four hours were spent in carefully looking around this transcendently lovely panorama, with the eye and glass, noting the many objects of interest.

Fifty-seven years ago I ascended this same pathway. I now make the ascent with as much ease and comfort, and more appreciation of the wonderful and beautiful. Then the coast survey had a lookout of wood, about thirty feet in height. This altitude did not add to its richness or vastness. No trace of the lookout remains. The mountains, lakes, wooded region, Neponset Valley and the ocean are the same in all their majesty and grandeur.

Dedham Low Plain, now Hyde Park, then stretched, unbroken by railroads, two miles distant. It was a day of military display. The first division of Massachusetts Militia were assembled and formed in line on the plain, which contained all the enrolled militia in that division. There were then three in the State. The appearance of this large number of troops was very imposing as viewed from this spot. The troops were disassembled with their general, Crane, at being called together in division, and he was caricatured by a bird of that name on horseback. The last division muster on the plain 11 or 12 years later, had the first and only exhibition of the striped pig, six cents admission—an evasion of the liquor law.

There was then no sound of the steam whistle which now comes from the railroads which intertwine and wind around this range of hills. There were then no ocean steamers by which one could cross the ocean, and return at a certain day and hour, as has often been done. The flourishing town of Hyde Park, then not incorporated, contained a few farmhouses, and small factories with their attendant houses. No shaft then pierced the sky from Bunker Hill. No water standpipes presented their bright fronts. The city of Boston, ten miles distant, then the only city, where now we look upon five other cities, with two cities and several towns added to Boston. The Court House in Dedham with its dome was not then

erected. Strawberry Hill, Nantasket Beach, Hull, as watering places were unknown. There was no Minot's light to warn the mariner. Wollaston and Arlington Heights were then unoccupied, — and so we might go on in enumeration.

There are those now living who state that from this peak the naval battle in Massachusetts Bay, in 1812, between the warships Chesapeake and Shannon, was plainly seen by a large number of citizens and their families, who anxiously awaited the result.

It cannot be that the pleasure attending a visit to this peak is known to the public, it is so little visited. We should expect to find large numbers flocking thither and looking about upon its distant mountains, nearer ranges, lovely hills and valleys, lakes, streams, wooded region, the ocean in all its majesty, the city of Boston, with its gilded dome and spires, so brilliant in the sun, other cities and towns glistening and sparkling, with spires rising heavenward, spread out on this vast extent of country. The whole presents a sublime and extensive panorama of the land and ocean, which cannot be excelled, if equalled, in this or any other hemisphere.

We retired from its meditation, absorbed in its immensity, in the wonderful works of nature, in the advancement of art and science in this progressive age. It leaves a remembrance that will not fade.

May all who live within its sight, or know of it, have the inclination and be enabled to visit this easy of ascent and renowned hill.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

Traders' Excursion.

So Arlington is to have a traders' excursion. During the past week Mr. Geo. L. Pierce, of Pleasant street market, has interested himself in the project, and secured most of the traders of Arlington as signers to the petition to close their places of business on a day that would be most convenient to the majority, and join in a grand excursion to some place of interest. Not a little interest was awakened, in consequence of which a meeting was called, which was held in the Wm. Penn Hose House, Tuesday evening. A large number were present, thus showing their readiness to take hold and lend a helping hand to make the excursion a success. The meeting organized by choosing Mr. G. L. Pierce as president, and Mr. C. M. Hall as treasurer and secretary. A short discussion ensued as to where they should go and at what date, but it was thought advisable, after talking the matter over, to choose a competent committee who should have the entire charge of the whole business arrangement. A committee consisting of the president, G. L. Pierce, and the treasurer, C. M. Hall, with C. W. Bastine, F. P. Winn, Charles Gott, Frank Rogers and Frank Cobb, were chosen.

A second meeting of the traders is to be held next Monday evening, at the Wm. Penn Hose house, when the committee will give a report of the work assigned to each, so that the meeting will be able to complete and make final arrangements. These excursions have been held in most of the neighboring towns with marked success, and there is no reason why one well arranged and under so competent a committee should not prove a grand success for Arlington.

A new disease is prevalent in town, — tax colic.

The sewers in the centre of the town were cleaned out Thursday morning.

Mrs. G. M. Morse, with a party of children spent a delightful day in the woods on Wednesday.

Monday Mr. Clark took a pleasant family party to Chelsea for the day, in his barge "Jumbo."

Don't forget the meeting of the traders next Monday evening, at William Penn Hose house.

Monday evening the Knights of Honor met in Reynolds' Hall. The attendance was somewhat larger than usual.

Rev. Charles Anderson, of Burlington, will preach in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, next Sunday, at 10.30, a. m.

The refuse matter, which has been gathering in the gutters on either side of the Avenue for some time, was cleaned out Saturday.

Rev. C. H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, started for Hamilton, New York, Monday morning, where he will spend his vacation of the month of August. In his absence the pulpit will be furnished with supplies.

—Sunday, July 29, the pulpit of the Pleasant street Congregational church will be occupied by Rev. Perley Davis, of Hyde Park.

—Rev. E. K. Chandler, pastor of the Broadway church, Cambridge, will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church on Sunday.

—Work is progressing rapidly on Arlington Mills, which were recently burnt to the ground. It is expected that the work will be completed in about ten days.

—There is a family of five persons not far away who ate twenty-six cucumbers in two days. They are still alive and one of the healthiest families in Arlington.

—One hundred and twenty-five criminal warrants have been made out in Arlington during the past year. Nearly all were drawn up by Judge Carter.

—Cornelius Reagan, for whose arrest a warrant has been issued for stealing fruit on Mr. Mitchell's land, and for indecent exposure, has run away to Portsmouth.

—Samuel A. Edwards was before the police court at Cambridge Wednesday for cruelly beating a horse belonging to Mr. Lewis P. Bartlett. Fined \$10 without costs.

—Wednesday evening, at the Unitarian vestry, a parish meeting was held, principal business before the meeting was to see about building a parsonage. The matter was discussed but nothing definite was accomplished.

—At St. John's church next Sunday evening, Rev. Ed. A. Rand will address the young upon temperance. Subject: "Avalanches, how they grow, and what to do with them." Services at 7.45. All are cordially invited.

—Mr. Ammi Hall met with a painful accident at Schwambs' factory at the Heights, last Wednesday afternoon. He had the top of three fingers on his right hand badly cut, while planing a board, and narrowly escaped losing his entire hand.

—Sunday evening a party from West Medford, while riding, was overturned in front of St. Malachy church. One of the ladies was somewhat bruised, but no serious damage was caused. The rein was caught in the shaft, causing the horse to turn suddenly, thus overturning the carriage.

—The death of Mrs. Walton occurred on Wednesday, at the advanced age of 81 years. The funeral services were private, and will take place Saturday afternoon at her late residence, on the Avenue. She had been for many years a quiet but consistent member of the Baptist church.

—Early Saturday morning a stray horse entered the grounds of Messrs. G. S. Chapin and W. T. Foster, on Pleasant street, leaving the marks of his hoofs on Mr. Chapin's lawn and trampling down Mr. Foster's sweet corn, and doing other damage.

—The annual inspection of the Arlington Public Library has been finished this week, the library re-opening Thursday. Mr. James Parmenter and Miss Newton who have had the work in charge report the library in a flourishing condition with all the books accounted for. The library now contains 8565 volumes.

—An alarm of fire was sounded about noon Wednesday at the Wm. Penn Hose house. Some children playing in the empty lot this side of the ice house with lighted "cat tails," from which the grass caught, caused the fire, which was soon extinguished by the Wm. Penns. The Highland Hose responded, but their aid was not needed.

—About twenty members of the Arlington Boat Club enjoyed an excursion and supper at Point of Pines, Thursday evening. Jim Poland, whose fondness for the ladies is well known in town, delivered a toast on "ladies," which was hugely enjoyed. This paragraph explains the cause of the dearth of clams to-day.

—Arlington's tax collector issued his tax bills a week ago, and in consequence of the late issue, caused by the delay in the State tax, leaves but a short time in which to pay them and get the discount, as the time of discount closes the first of August. Tax payers are advised to pay as early as possible to avoid the rush which is unavoidable at the last moment. Silver will be received as usual if put in rolls and properly labelled.

—The hall on the third floor of the Russell School building is being fitted up so as to make two rooms of it with a hall extending between, and each containing large dressing rooms. The rooms have long been needed, the hall having been used for the last few years as a school-room. The rooms when finished

will correspond in size and arrangement with the other rooms of the building. The work was begun Monday and will be rapidly carried forward by Mr. James Chase, who is doing the job.

—Mr. James Marden, on Lake street, and others, have been considerably annoyed of late, and damage to trees, etc., sustained, by boys stealing fruit. On Monday last he discovered a bevy of them busily engaged in surreptitiously appropriating green apples. The officers were telephoned for, but owing to a misunderstanding did not put in an appearance, but Mr. Marden succeeded in catching one of them and kept him in "durance vile" during the day, and then released him. The next catch will not fare as fortunately.

The Appalachian Mountain Club.

The July field meeting of the Appalachian Mountain Club was held at the Twin Mountain House, the 21st inst. Vice-President A. E. Scott, of Lexington, presided in the absence of President Worcester. J. Raynor Edmonds, of Harvard College Observatory, spoke of the topographical work to be accomplished while traversing the Twin Mountain range.

Charles E. Fay, of Tufts College, read a paper on Mt. Garfield, prepared by E. B. Cook, which contained much interesting information concerning that mountain. A paper on Hawaiian volcanoes was read by Prof. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College.

W. G. Nowell spoke of three camps a mile high, the points being near Peabody Spring, between Mrs. Adams and Jefferson, and looking toward Mt. Madison.

The Chairman announced several excursions up Cherry Mountain the 21st inst., over the new path on the Twin Mountain range, going over the whole range to the valley of the East Branch, taking five days, starting one party next Monday and another Tuesday. These parties will unite on South Twin Tuesday noon. A path over Twin range has been cut from the termination of the logging roads over the North Twin, thence over various summits to South Twin, Guist Band and the cliffs on the band, some twelve miles. This meeting was held in honor of the completion of the path, and for the purpose of exploring the Twin ranges.

Jacob Smith Viles.

Born in Lexington, July 16, 1840, died in Boston, July 26, 1883.

This announcement will not surprise many of Mr. Viles' friends, as it was known that his health had been failing for a long time. But it is sad to part with a life so noble and so promising. For ten long years the conflict with disease has been manfully maintained, and when towards the last, all efforts were felt to be in vain, he welcomed the hour of his departure with a fortitude born of Christian faith and trust. Mr. Viles was the son of the late Joel Viles, long known as the owner of "Viles' Tavern," a former hostelry on the Concord road. His early years were spent in Lexington where he was educated at the public school, then located near Vine brook, and kept for many years by the late Mr. Tidd. His business career began in the large dry goods store of Prescott & Proctor at Arlington, where he continued about five years, after which he was engaged with his brother, Clinton Viles, Esq., on Hanover street, Boston. He then went into business for himself on Washington street, at the South End. Mr. Viles married, June 2, 1867, Miss Delia Lindsay of North Haven, Conn., and at this time all his prospects seemed as bright as any one could wish. But it was not long before the first symptoms of heavy trouble appeared during a visit in the State of Connecticut, which led him to abandon his business, and take up his residence temporarily at his old home in Lexington. With returning strength he was encouraged to accept a position in a store on Boylston street, but he had not been there more than a year or two when a severe hemorrhage compelled him to retire and submit to the advice of his physician, who did not allow him for a time even to speak aloud. Again, however, he seemed to recover sufficiently to allow of his accepting positions on the census, and in the North End bank, where his services were highly valued as chief book keeper and assistant cashier. Rapid promotion awaited him in the bank, but again his health failed, and he laid down the burden which he had so heroically endeavored to carry, and spent the last nine months of his life in the seclusion of his home. Mr. Viles was a member of Mt. Vernon church, Boston. A wife and one child are left to mourn his loss, but not without the consolations of divine grace, which they have seen so beautifully illustrated in the life and death of this beloved husband and father.

E. G. P.

First class job printing at reasonable prices, at this office.

LIFE.

A baby in its mother's arms.
A little girl with various charms;
A tender maiden, young and fair,
A lover with his nut-brown hair,
A woman married with too much care;
A mother with a darling child,
A mother with tender looks and mild;
An old lady with a wrinkled brow,
A newly dug grave in the frosted ground,
Sighing winds with a murmuring sound—
"Such is life."
—Springfield Republican.

HOW THEY CAME HOME.

It was not much like a wedding—that is, a happy one. It was in the old stone house on Quackatog Hill, where the Palmers had lived time out of mind; one generation after another moving out to the graveyard a little higher on the hillside, where the long grass waved and nearly hid the tombstones of John, or Daniel, as the case might be—and Hannah, "His wife," and Lois, his wife, and Abigail, his wife.

It was a good omen that the sun shone—the hills and valleys in front of the old homestead were golden green in its rays, and the water of the Sound fairly glistened toward far away Block Island.

Through the windows of the parlor came the smell of mignonette and the old fashioned Southern wood. No flowers had been gathered to make the wedding gay, but the nasturtiums crawling all over the old stone wall tossed their bright heads and looked in while Elder Howe made of this wain one flesh.

None but the elder had good wishes for Mary Palmer and Robert Churchill except, indeed, little lame Danny, who had been his sister's pet, and who clung to her hand. They were well matched in appearance. Mary, with a fair, refined face, down which some very bitter and unbridled tears were stealing, and Robert, with clear, honest eyes and the broad chin that betokens strength and decision of character.

What was the trouble? It was the love of money. As young Churchill had no farm, present or prospective, he was in old Daniel Palmer's mind no match for his daughter. Then, too, his father had been poor. "Never had no faculty for getting ahead," Grandpa Palmer said; so when he died, soon followed by his wife, the boy was left with only enough to give him a good common-school education, and take care of him until he could take care of himself, for which he early showed a disposition.

Mary and Robert had been lovers from childhood; hand in hand they had gone to school, long summer afternoons they had spent gathering blueberries in the rocky pastures, and their engagement might have developed into the old-fashioned twenty-years' waiting had it not been for the appearance on the stage of old Peter Stanton, who, having mourned two months for his second wife, thought Mary Palmer a good one to succeed her.

As he was strongly favored by the family, poor Mary's life was made miserable, until Robert, who could ill endure seeing her unhappy, or the contempt with which he was treated, proposed that they should marry immediately, and was so determined that he carried the day, old Daniel granting that they might be married in his house, but declaring that no darter of his who would rather marry a beggar than a well-to-do man should have a cent of his money. No wedding preparations were made, and Mary, putting in order her few dresses, and remembering that when her sister married the stupid son of a neighboring farmer that much was given her, and all helped, felt bitterly that she was unjustly treated.

They were to go to a neighboring village for a week, and, as the wagon which was to take them to the depot rattled up to the door, the father strode moodily away. George, the "ne'er-do-well" son in whom the heart of the mother was bound, had not honored the marriage with his presence. Mary, leaving a good-bye for him, and kissing the others, turned to her mother, and flung her arms round her neck.

"Oh! mother," she said, "you will be glad to see me when I come back—won't you?" For a moment the mother's lips trembled, and she kissed her daughter warmly; then, hardening again, she said: "Of course, Mary, we shall be glad to see you, but as you have made your bed you must lie in it. You could have pleased us all."

Mary turned, and with one hand held by her husband and the other by her faithful little brother, went down the walk and out of the gate. It was years before she entered it again, then, laying her hand upon it, there came vividly back the feeling of being shut out from home by a flaming sword.

When a few miles from home these young people began to talk of their future. As Mary said "When we go back—" Robert gayly interrupted her, "But will we go back; why need we go back, Mary?" And as she looked bewildered, he continued: "I have thought much about it. They have been unkind and unjust to us. With my best efforts it will be years before I can make a home for you as good as the one I have taken you from, and if I fail it would be to hear I told you so on all sides. Let us go away from them all and fight the battle of life. Others have succeeded; why cannot we?"

"But where shall we go?" faltered Mary. "Go? Where shall we go? The world is wide, and it is mine oyster. Are we such dull knives—oh, I forgot Elder Howe made us one—that we cannot open it? Here is a railway—let us open a decision. Through train to Chicago. Well, let us go to Chicago; perhaps there will be room for just one more couple. I have a hundred dollars; it won't go far, but

we are young and well, and I will succeed."

"And I," sighed Mary, "have a ten dollar gold-piece that grandma gave me for a lucky penny. She said she should have left me her money if I had married a 'likely man.'"

"Let us hope," said Robert, with a happy laugh, "that I shall be likely not to need her money. And whether we go back or not let us promise each other that we will never ask help from your people. We will starve first! But this momentous question of our life must be decided soon, and you must decide it, my darling, for you have all the sacrifices to make. I have my world with me—in you."

Mary turned her face toward the window and thought intently. She thought of the separation from all friends and scenes dear to her; then of the future when they might look scornfully upon her husband. But a few moments passed before she looked into the honest eyes that awaited her decision and said quietly: "We will go."

The morning of the second day they left the car that seemed almost a home for them and went out into the busy streets of Chicago, amid whose bustling crowds they felt as isolated as though they were in a desert. During a hurried breakfast at a restaurant Robert studied "The Room to Rent" column of the *Tribune* and they were soon in search of an abiding place. After climbing more stairs than many thought had ever been built, they found two rooms on the fifth floor of a building on North Clark street. The rent was low and the landlord made promises, far to the outward ear, of improvements. The rooms were very dirty, but Mary noticed that the sunlight came brightly in through east and south windows.

Then again into the shops to buy the cheapest bed, a little cooking stove, small table and two chairs—one a little wicker that Robert thought would hold both—and a sewing-chair for Mary. Then dishes of a common dark-blue ware, that Mary said might, at a very great distance, be mistaken for Sevres.

They were tired eyes that opened upon discolored walls and dirty floors the next morning, and both at heart felt that the battle of life had indeed begun; but Robert soon hurried away in search of a position, and Mary, with broom and scrub-brush, began the work of cleaning. Think of it, you young wives, who after superintending the fine trousseaus and gay weddings, go on a bridal tour to Europe; but do not make the mistake of thinking happiness dependent upon luxurious surroundings. Robert thought when he opened the door and found the walls of the room a soft cream color, the woodwork, floors and windows shining with cleanliness, the latter curtained with cheap cheese-cloth drawn back with red ribbon and filled with scarlet geraniums, mignonette, trailing ivies and nasturtium—that no home could be as dear and lovely as his, with Mary at the head of it; and she thought home, and friends, and the world well lost for love of him.

But now came the troublous times and dark days. The small sum they had expended for their furniture had greatly lessened their little capital. The ten-dollar piece was the lucky penny, not to be used until an absolute necessity demanded. Every day Robert walked until footsore in search of a place. A fatality seemed to attend his efforts: places were filled just as he reached them; advertisements were unanswered. One firm for which he worked a month failed, and he received no money. He obtained several small jobs, but they paid very little, and he began to feel, as unsuccessful people do, that there was no room in the world for him, and to grow thin and pale with anxiety. Throughout all Mary was cheerful and hopeful.

So the months went on, and one night, as they sat in the wicker chair, the moonlight streaming in at the windows, and they almost as far above and away from the rest of the world as though swung in a balloon in the sky, Robert said: "Well, dear, the larder is empty; that means that old second-hand ice-box—and the money is gone; unless we use the lucky penny we shall have to dine with Duke Humphrey in future."

Afraid Robert went away to look for work the next morning Mary followed him on the same errand. For several days she went from place to place seeking unsuccessfully for work, until at last she was given a place in a dressmaker's shop where she would be paid a dollar a day. She was reflecting with gratitude that upon this small amount they could live, and be independent when Robert rushed in, flung his hat in the air, and declared that their fortunes were made. He had a place in the office of a Mr. Love at \$50 a month. "You were right, Mary, it was the unlucky old penny. I paid it away in paying the rent, and now we are all right. But the business? Oh! Mr. Love is on the board of trade; deals in hogs and lard."

"But if you are there, won't you gamble away our bread and dinner?" laughingly asked Mary.

"Well, I don't think I shall speculate heavily on what is left of \$50, after the living is paid, but I will promise not to at all—until you say I may."

As Mary laid awake that night for pure joy over their brightened prospects, she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to tell Robert of her engagement to go to work the next morning. She concluded not to tell him; it would only dampen his happiness, and she must keep her word and go, if only for a few weeks. Then, too, she had a plan for their anniversary, and this would enable her to execute it. There could be no wrong in such a secret.

At Christmas-time Mary wrote home, and sent some little gifts to each, but the only answer was from little Danny, who wrote that all were well, but that George had done some-

thing "bad," and that father was very angry; "but I love you best of all, my dear sister, and send my love to my brother." After the holidays there came into this clear sky some more clouds. Robert worked early and late, often until late in the night. He grew moody and thoughtful, and finally asked Mary to give him back his promise not to speculate.

"If I trust you, can you trust yourself?" she asked.

"I'll try for a while," he said, but the late hours and abstracted manner still continued, and Mary was glad, though it was their first separation, when he was sent into the country by the firm for a week.

It was near their anniversary, and she gave up the place, and devoted the time and money to making their home more comfortable. She rented a small adjoining room for a kitchen—the bare walls and floor of parlor and dining-room had long been an eyesore to her. Now they were prettily papered and carpeted. In the parlor was a large, handsome rug, a folding-bed, soft lounge, chairs, a table with a pretty cover, made by Mary during some of the lonely evenings she had spent, full lace curtains, and upon the walls bookshelves, and, with some pretty engravings, the portrait of Robert's mother nicely framed, and a photograph of the old house on the hill. Through the curtained door of the dining-room could be seen the neat table, for which she had prepared a dinner as much like their vision of Duke Humphrey's as possible, and at Robert's plate lay his anniversary present—a plain gold wedding-ring like her own.

Many times Mary walked through the rooms thinking how pretty and homelike they looked before Robert came; then it was with such a slow step, and he was so pale and heavy-looking that she was frightened. He admired everything in a forced sort of way, but at dinner could eat nothing, and his hands trembled.

"It is no use, Mary, I cannot eat; I must tell you. Come over on this grand new lounge. I cannot have you so far from me while I tell you what I can hardly believe myself."

"Go on, Robert, and tell me," faltered Mary. "We can bear it I am sure."

"Bear it! You dear little goose—it is nothing bad—it is so good it has nearly turned my brain. You know I have been working extra hours, and at night it was for extra pay, and when I got it took my life in my hand and went to Mr. Love. I told him I had the dearest little wife in the world—who had left all for me—I wanted to give her as good a home as the one I had taken her from. I could do it if he would tell me what to do with what I held in my hand—it was very little."

"He looked at me a moment and said he would. Think of it, Mary. That man, with all those vast interests at stake, to consider a poor beggar like me. They talk against him for running corners. I just hope he and his whole family will be prospered all their lives. I came in town yesterday evening. He told me to sell lard, I sold it all day long; last night we worked all night in the office. To-day I sold lard until noon, when he told me to buy it. To-night the deal was closed out, and oh! Mary," said the poor fellow, crying like a child with excitement, "the result is \$8,000 to our credit. And what does that mean for us? It means a good home for you, Mary—it means something for a rainy day for you—it means a business for me—it means that Danny shall come to us to be educated; and it is all the work of that good man. No wonder his name is Love—for he loves his fellow-men and helps them."

When a little calmer Robert took from his pocket a case. "I forgot; here is your anniversary present," and opening it she saw beautiful diamond earrings.

"For me! and to wear on the fifth floor of a Clark street boarding-house! Robert, you are insane."

"I think I am a little wild—but you have been so sweet and patient—I would like to jewel the very tongue that has only uttered words of encouragement."

"Then, indeed," hysterically laughed Mary, "I should have to dine with Duke Humphrey."

The next day was Sunday, and no more thankful hearts ever entered a church than these. Going home through the quiet streets that lovely June morning they met two portly and well-to-do citizens, one of whom said: "The whole effect of the corner business is demoralizing." "Yes," answered the other, "bad, bad for every one." Two pair of happy eyes met each other's sympathetically, and a soft voice murmured out: "I say, blessed be the lard corner!"

Six years afterward Mr. and Mrs. Robert Churchill revisited their home, the fame of Mr. Churchill as a successful business man having preceded him. He received the warmest kind of a welcome, and his two pretty children, and their sweet and gracious mother, her dresses and her diamonds, won unqualified admiration. They appeared to concern themselves very little about it, acting like a pair of lovers, and going again together through the fields to the old schoolhouse.

One evening, as Mary waited in the parlor of the old stone house for her husband, Grandma Palmer said: "Mary, I never thought your husband would turn out such a likely man. He is a good deal better than George, who took all that money, and your father: hat to sell this old house, that the Palmers had lived in so many hundred years, to pay it. I am going to leave you my money."

"Yes," said her father, who sat near with his wife, "we were hard on you, Mary, and I have been sorry."

"Grandma," replied Mary, "you were unjust to my husband, for he was good. I could hardly forgive it. We do not need your money. Give it to

your niece, Phebe Stillman, and let her marry the man she has loved so long, and do not worry about the house; when it was sold Robert bought it, and, when father and mother do not need it, Danny shall have it; it will stay in the family at least one generation longer. And, father," she said, turning toward him with an expression unusual to her, and in which the shrewd eyes of the old man saw his own pride and strong will mirrored, "I am sorry, too, but most sorry for you. You hurt me more than you knew. You sent me out of my home; and now my life is so complete and happy that I do not need it; but it has taught me a lesson. Danny's and my children's home shall always be the dearest place to them. We cannot afford to lose the love of our children in our old age, can we, Robert?" and, stretching out her hand to him, they stood there, seven years before, they were married. They had gone forth weeping, but had returned bringing their sheaves with them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Clairvoyance.

Almost every physician, during the course of his professional life, hears stories regarding clairvoyance. Some individuals have had a vision or dreamed a dream which is subsequently found to have represented, most marvelously, actual objects or persons that were at the time far away.

An organization in London has been investigating the alleged phenomena of this class, endeavoring to apply scientific methods to their study. The *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review* have at different times published some of the results of this work. Quite recently the latter journal has published an article by Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Frederick W. M. Myers, claiming very positively that the mind may at certain times be capable of receiving impressions through other channels than those of the various senses; in other words, that the so-called clairvoyance is an actual physiological fact. As an example of the class of phenomena alleged to be real, we append the following:

"One Sunday night last winter, at 1 A. M., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterward, I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday,' and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches, and found it to be exactly 1 o'clock.' (One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.)"

We have ventured to furnish our readers this account of the work of these gentlemen because of the strong endorsement that has been given to it, and because of its important physiological and pathological significance. If it could be proved that the mind can perceive through other agencies than the senses, it would establish a fact which would antagonize the present physiological theories (based upon evolution) of the development of these senses; for it is now believed that they were developed in order to enable the animal to adapt himself to his environment. They were made by the environment primarily, rather than for it, and in the history of animal evolution there are absolutely no data which enable us to account for the development of a supersensual perceptive power.—*Medical Record.*

Origin of State Fairs.

The present system of fairs and cattle shows originated with Elkanah Watson, an Albany merchant, about 1810. His application to Boston for guarantee funds was met by ex-President Adams with a terse rebuff: "You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, theology, medicine, the university and university politics are all against you." Nevertheless the more liberal legislature of New York in 1819 appropriated \$10,000 a year for six years, to be divided among the counties for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures. In 1818, several months before the passage of this act, several of the most prominent citizens of Washington county met in the court-house at Sandy Hill and organized a county agricultural society. The first recorded fair was held in Salem in 1822, with entries for premiums, a plowing match, "plowmen in white frocks," and an address delivered in the church. Fairs on a less scale had been held every year before this in Argyle, Greenwich, Hebron, Granville, Whitehall and Kingsbury. The prizes were small and the rewards scanty. The whole awards numbered scarcely 100.

Winnings of Great Trotters.

Goldsmith Maid captured 121 races, and won for her owner \$364,200 during her trotting career. The actual profit she brought to her owner is said to foot up \$246,750. American Girl won forty-nine races, gathering \$118,100 for her owners, Rarus won sixty-three races, winning \$114,950. Judge Fullerton won thirty-two races before his winnings amounted to \$102,055. Flora Temple won \$90,000 in eighty-six races. Hopeful, \$89,000 in forty-nine races, and Lady Thorne \$79,575 in forty-one races. But the millions of dollars lost on horses not quite as fast as the above is seldom thought of, or considered by those who imagine that there is a great deal of money to be made in raising fast trotters. The prizes are few, the blanks very numerous.—*New York Sun.*

The "peen-to," or flat peach of China, is revolutionizing peach culture in Florida. It is flat like a bisuit.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A crocodile shuts its jaws with a force of 1,540 pounds.

It is said that 2,450 watches are manufactured in this country every working day in the year.

There is a man in Bucksport, Me., whose name is Esrom Morse, whether spelled backward or in the usual way.

The Arabs used butter in early times, but the Greeks and Romans were content with oil, and it is not mentioned as food by Galen, who wrote in the second century.

The white perch of the Ohio are noted for the musical sounds they make. The sound is much like that produced by a silk thread placed in a window where the wind blows across it.

There is a place in Ceylon called the world's end. You stand on the edge of a plateau and look over a precipice 5,000 feet in height. If you tumble, you tumble about a mile. One step will do the business.

Aaron Glover, a Sumter county (Ga.) negro, does not perspire like any other man. The left side of his face will trickle like a stream while the right is as dry as a bone. Then his body is just the reverse—the right side seems a continual stream, while the left is as dry as a piece of iron lying before a big fire. Aaron enjoys most excellent health.

The most ancient system of weights in the kingdom of England was the moneyer's pound or the money pound of the Anglo-Saxons, which was continued in use for some centuries after the Conquest, being then known as the "Tower pound," or sometimes the "Goldsmith's pound." It contained twelve ounces of 450 grains each, or 5,400 grains, and this weight of silver was a pound sterling. The Tower pound was abolished in 1527 by a statute of Henry VIII., which first established Troy weight as the only legal weight for gold and silver, and from this time to the present our system of coinage has been based on the Troy weight, the Troy pound containing 5,760 grains.

Professor Huxley, in an address at the International Fisheries exhibition, pointed out that an acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. Still more striking was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months of every year moves westward and southward past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120,000,000, consuming when on short rations, no fewer than 840,000,000 of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herring is needed to keep that area of cod from starving.

A German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming, as it appeared to me, from the heavens, I was puzzled to know its object and the source from whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its origin. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air like music from aolian harps. A few days afterward I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above. Near me was the Stifts kirche, an old church built in 1308, which has attached to it an immense octagon tower rising up to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Encircling this tower near the top is a balcony, on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four selections in all were played, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward, I found that this playing from the church had been in practice for more than a hundred years. A German lady "once upon a time," belonging to one of the noble families, bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half-past eleven to twelve at noon.—*Germany Seen Without Spectacles.*

How to Tell Good Eggs.

A good egg will sink in water.

Stale eggs are glassy and smooth on shell.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell.

The boiled eggs that adhere to the shell are fresh laid.

Eggs packed in brine for a long time smell and taste musty.

Thin shells are caused by lack of gravel, etc., among the laying hens.

A boiled egg that is done will dry quickly on the shell after taken from the kettle.

After an egg has been laid a day or more the shell comes off easily when boiled.

Eggs that have been packed in lime look stained, and show the action of the lime on the surface.

If an egg is clear and golden in appearance when held to the light it is good; if dark and spotted it is bad.

The business of an egg may sometimes be told by shaking it near the holder's ear, but the test is a dangerous one.

With the aid of the hands a piece of paper rolled in funnel shape and held toward the light, the human eye can look through an egg, shell and all.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Twenty billion wooden hoops are used annually in this country for barrels only.

There is stored in the tanks of the oil regions over 34,000,000 barrels of petroleum.

The site of a new cotton factory at Cedartown, Ga., will embrace twenty acres, and work on the building has begun.

At Tower City, Dakota, in boring an artesian well, at the depth of 500 feet salt water was reached. Fire water, mixed with quicksand, was found at 604 feet, and at 675 feet pure water flowed in a steadily increasing quantity.

In Japan a patent law is wanted—not to protect the inventor, but the pockets of the Japanese themselves. They believe that the impression "patented" is a token of the good faith of the vendor and of the authenticity of the article.

The curious observation has been made by a French writer that the initials of the five elements (in their French names), which enter chiefly into the constitution of organic matter, namely, carbone, hydrogene, azote, oxygene and soufre, spell chaos.

Sea water differs a little in weight at different places, but at the same spot it is nearly the same at all depths. It may be estimated at sixty-four pounds to the cubic foot, or one and three-quarter pounds to the cubic foot more than fresh water. The additional weight is chiefly common salt. Salt water freezes at twenty-seven degrees. The ice is fresh.

Mr. D. Mackintosh has described an attempt to fix the date of the glacial period in years. His investigations have been carried on in certain localities of England and Wales, where he has found that limestone rock around boulders has been worn away to a depth of not more than six inches. As this limestone rock is denuded at the rate of not less than an inch in a thousand years, the boulders must have been dropped by glaciers not longer than 6,000 years. Such, at least, is Mr. Mackintosh's conclusion, as stated to the London Geographical society.

Dom Pedro on His Throne.

A correspondent thus describes the emperor of Brazil on his throne: Dom Pedro's limbs are incased in tight-fitting white silk; white satin low cut shoes, embroidered in gold and gems, cover the feet; white satin tunic reaching to the knees, belted and embroidered with bands of gold, pearls and diamonds. From the shoulders depends the train, several yards long. In this silky pile of emerald green velvet, with its golden, shiny, satin lining, is perfection, and scattered in rich profusion over the surface is the imperial arms traced in heavy gold-thread embroidery. It seemed to be literally sprinkled with glittering diamond points, and the round cape (pelerine shaped) that covered his shoulders and chest nearly to the waist crowned the effect completely. This is the most rare and wonderful part of the royal court costume, being made entirely from the breast feathers of the famous South American bird called the "soucano." These plumes are a vividly bright orange color, fine as silk and glossy as satin, overlaying each other until they seem to be the veritable skin of the bird himself. It is said that it takes one hundred birds to furnish sufficient feathers to cover this part of the dress. Over this feathered cape was flung a costly necklace of diamonds and emeralds of immense size, and close around the throat was tied a rich cravat, with wristfalls to match.

The crown was weighted with gems; great diamonds inserted in the bands of gold, interspersed with emeralds and rubies and pearls, incased a cap of velvet that seemed to press heavily on the royal head. The scepter was gold higher than himself, and tipped with emblems. The sword, passed through the belt, was completely studded with pearls and diamonds. I observed that our monarch's hands were incased, as were his feet and limbs, in woven silk, and the famous signet ring was outside of the glove.

Carries its Own Moral.

In one of our New England cities three wretched tramps were brought before the police court as vagrants, having been found in an intoxicated condition in a barn where they had slept the previous night. On examination it was found that each one had been a former resident of the city, and was well known.

One of these had been, only a few years ago, the superintendent of the foundry department of an extensive and widely known manufacturing establishment, receiving a yearly salary of \$2,500, and having a pleasant home occupied by wife and children, and being a man once respected by those who knew him. The two others had been workmen under him whom he had discharged for neglect of their work for drink, and he himself was finally dismissed for the same fault.—*Scientific American.*

Mushrooms.

Dr. Horace T. Evans, of Philadelphia, believes that all mushrooms contain some of the poisonous property which, when present in excess, causes accidents—that is, sickness and death from eating mushrooms. Even those which are ordinarily considered safest and best are at times objectionable, owing to the conditions affecting their growth. This explains why experts in the selection of edible fungi are sometimes mistaken. It isn't their fault, but the fault of the mushrooms, which are evidently a dangerous injury.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS GIRL.

HE TAKES HER ON AN EXCURSION TO THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

After Numerous Adventures They Return in a Dilapidated Condition—Meeting With a Warm Reception from Her Pa.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in the store all broke up the morning after the 4th of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice-box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of firecrackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of firecrackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty of sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him sometime. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have mauled him, and that night I sat up with him, while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so that he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the sawdust off some bottles of peppercorn that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldiers' Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off, her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, 'cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol-pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of firecrackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she

was. Her dress was one of these mosquito bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own confagration, and when I got her put out, my coat-tail and trousers were a total loss. A-y, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that had felt through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home and I took her home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are awful thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was braved of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was a pile-driver sure, and when I got over the fence and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I sat up with him, 'cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or retail my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel!"—*Milwaukee Sun.*

A Break on the Mississippi.

The river all through the bright moonlight night had quietly lapped the edges of the embankment, the surface being quite serene. As the storm neared, however, the surface roughened, and from far over the Missouri side the wrinklings began to crawl across the surface, deepening as they came. The night-workers knew that this meant danger, and by common consent they moved, halting only when they reached places where the ground back of the dike was high enough to brace the earthworks reasonably well. By this time the first gush came, and it was followed by another and another, the bosom of the old Father heaved and there was a long swash against the bank, which made the earth tremble and dashed spray up over the top of the dike. George Hoeve and another reckless laborer stood far out where the dike was most dangerous, and their friends yelled to them to come away quick or they would be caught. Almost as the warning was given the mischief began, for down about the lowest point of the little valley, and just at the line where the dike began to rise, the ground suddenly gave way and a volume of water about the size of a barrel spurted through the wall of clay and out into the low ground. A couple of scrub oaks were close to the spot and the water striking their roots with great force was thrown high up as by a fountain. A second later the opening had increased to ten times its original size and the volume completely enveloped the scrub oaks. Two seconds more and the earth above all crumbled and sank down into the gap, being carried out into the lowlands with a power that was apparently irresistible. Meanwhile the flood was pouring through the gap with a roar that could be heard a mile distant, and the walls of either side were being rapidly eaten away. In less than ten minutes after the first small opening at the bottom of the dike appeared, there was a gap 200 feet wide, through which a volume of water twelve feet deep was running. This had continued for two hours, and an immense roaring river was moving through wheat fields and potato patches two miles away, when a second gap, a hundred yards further south, opened with a roar, and added a second flood to the first. The workmen stood and watched the sublime scene for a time, and then they began to hurry off in ones and twos to carry the news of the break to the anxious people inland.

A Palace of Delight.

An English paper says: On the Herrensinsel, in the Chiemsee, at the entrance to the Bavarian Tyrol the king of Bavaria has been for the last six years building a palace-villa which rumor says will surpass in splendor, comfort, elegance, and almost in artistic perfection, all other royal residences in the world. The main building has been some time completed, including the great banqueting-room, (which is thirty feet longer than that at Versailles), the reception-hall and the state apartments. But additional buildings are being erected, the ornamental grounds are being enlarged or rearranged continually, the system of water supply is being improved or extended,—so that it would be impossible to estimate when the work will be judged to be fully completed. Five hundred workmen are constantly employed from the beginning of spring far into the autumn. The principal building has been completely furnished. The resources of art have been taxed to the utmost, the very door-handles and window-fastenings being of exquisite design and workmanship. There is an abundance of beautiful wood-carving. And if the walls are not clothed with paintings like those in the Doge's palace at Venice, they are lined with most beautiful and costly marbles. The palace is not visible from any of the neighboring roads or places accessible to the ordinary traveler, the site having been chosen so as to secure complete privacy. It is a pity it was not built on the ruins of the adjacent monastery, whence it would have commanded a complete view of a glorious landscape.

THE DEADLY SCREW WORM.

A CATTLE PEST WHICH ATTACKS HUMAN BEINGS.

How the Terrible Insect Burrows Into the Flesh of Men and Cattle—A Man's Terrible Death in Kansas.

Frank Wilkeson, in a letter from the far West to the New York Sun, says: On the plains of Texas, where countless half wild cattle feed, and where the air is dry and pure, lives an insect known as the screw-worm fly. It is small and active. This fly is the terror of the Texas cattle. The long-horned brutes are quarrelsome. The males fight savagely, sometimes to the death. The females are far from being peaceful animals. A fight between blood-thirsty Texas cattle generally terminates in one of the animals being severely wounded. As the smell of the blood drifts down the winds, which ceaselessly blow on the plains, it attracts the screw flies, and they course through the air, eagerly following the trail, anxious to deposit their eggs in the wound. These flies do not alight in depositing their eggs, but as they fly rapidly and close to the injured animal, which evinces the utmost terror when the buzz of doom fills the air, they drop a glutinous substance which adheres to the wound. The eggs, to the number of hundreds, are contained in this substance. It is said by the Texas cattle breeders that the eggs hatch in twenty-four hours. Promptly on hatching the worms burrow into the flesh of the living animals. More flies deposit eggs. More screw worms are hatched. They also burrow into the flesh. A succession of crops of screw worms follows rapidly, and the unfortunate animal is devoured alive, as they honeycomb the flesh. The cattle, unable to endure the pain, become crazy and roam the prairies, danger to members of bovine society, until death lays his kind hand on them. I have been informed by the cattle breeders who graze their stock on the stacked plains that the animals seem to realize the danger they are in when wounded, and have been known to seek safety in flight; but that the flies follow the scent in the air as hounds follow a fox, and the wounded animals are generally overtaken.

The screw worm is a little over half an inch long. It is corrugated and exceedingly hard. When put under the point of a knife and pressed upon the worm slips from under the steel and flies through the air as though made of rubber. Imagine a white half-inch screw having a pointed black head instead of the usual slotted one. That is a fair representation of the screw worm.

For years Texas cattle have been driven to Kansas to feed on the grasses of the plains lying in the arid belt. For years they have been driven to the northern portion of the Indian Territory to graze on the untaxed ranges of that great grazing land. Until last year there was no trouble in Kansas from screw worms. The stories told by Texas drivers of the suffering of cattle on the southern ranges made but little impression on the men of Kansas. That these flies would ever follow the Texas cattle up the trails to the comparatively northern country of Kansas was unsuspected by the most gloomy-minded people. Even if suspected they never, in the most appalling flights of their dark imaginations, thought that the flies would change their habits, and select the nostrils of human beings to deposit their eggs in, but such is the case.

It is probable that the long continued southwest winds of last summer wafted the flies from the vicinity of the herds feeding south of Dodge City into the more thickly settled portions of Kansas. At any rate, the mature flies were far east of the "dead line," and far north of the Arkansas river during a portion of last summer. Several persons were attacked by screw worms. One of the cases that terminated fatally was fully reported in the *Kansas and Missouri Valley Medical Index*. It is worthy of note. The patient had long suffered from ozena. On the evening of August 22, 1882, this man complained of a tickling sensation at the base of the nose, that was promptly followed by exhaustive sneezing. This in its turn was followed by intense pain in the region of the eyes and cheeks. The physician in attendance mistakingly supposed that the pain was the result of ozena. The discharge from the nostrils was purulent and tinged with blood, and exceedingly offensive. The breath of the patient was revolting. It may be that his condition was so exceedingly offensive that the attending physician did not make an examination that would have revealed the presence of the disturbing cause. For two days the man suffered intense pain. All remedies administered failed to give relief. On the evening of the 24th of August there was a sudden and profuse discharge from the nostrils and the mouth. Instantly all pain ceased. There was no longer any involuntary discharge. The pain was with difficulty expectorated. The soft palate had been destroyed, and the tongue could no longer be used in speech. When this stage of the disease had been reached, a screw worm, much to the astonishment of the attending physician, fell from the mouth of the dying man. One after another, in obedience to the laws of their nature, full-grown screw worms wriggled from his nostrils and mouth until 300 of them crawled from the man died. An examination showed that the fleshy part of the interior of his head had been almost devoured. By throwing back the head and depressing the swollen tongue, the vertebrae were exposed to view.

The second case occurred at Salina, Kansas. On the 23d of August Dr. B. E. Switzer, of that town, was called to attend a woman suffering from a severe pain across the bridge of the nose. This pain shot in throbs into

the cheeks, and much resembled an attack of tic douloureux. After a careful examination of the case the doctor was unable to explain the cause of the pain. Again he examined the patient. In the left nostril he saw a small corrugated ball that was apparently revolving slowly. This ball resembled a tiny walnut. The doctor saw an occasional pointed black head protrude from the writhing mass. Promptly he administered chloroform to the woman. With the aid of a forceps he removed sixty-five worms. From the time of the discovery of the worms until the last was removed two days passed. In this short time, though the worms were sluggish from the effects of the chloroform, they had sufficient vigor to destroy the partition of the nose. This woman fully recovered. Several other cases occurred in Kansas last year.

As far as I can learn all the people who were attacked had catarrh, a disease very prevalent on the wind-swept plains west of the Missouri river. It is highly probable that the fully developed flies, when moving through the air in search of places to deposit their eggs, struck a catarrhal trail, followed it to its source, and deposited their eggs in the nostrils of the unfortunate while they slept. They might easily drop their eggs into the nostrils of persons lying down, even if they were awake.

Physicians are awaiting the developments this summer with great interest. The sensitiveness of the mucous membrane narrowly limits the remedies that can safely be applied. Carbolic acid, if weakened sufficiently to be used without injuring the membrane, has no effect on the hard, corrugated worms. Kerosene oil has proved effectual. It instantly kills the worms. This oil will kill any insect. If the worms, through the ignorance of the physicians, are allowed to remain undisturbed for several days, it is exceedingly doubtful if any remedy can reach them. It may be that an enormously strong man could endure the pain and could rally from the exhaustion following intense physical suffering until the worms feeding on his flesh arrived at perfect maturity and crawled from their burrows to screw themselves into the ground, from which they emerge as flies in about ten days. I doubt, however, if any man living has sufficient vitality to live through an attack by screw worms.

A Natural Sea-Wall.

Along the New Hampshire seacoast, in the towns of Rye and North Hampton, stretches a curious and massive formation, which at first sight appears as if built at enormous expenditure of time and labor. On closer examination, however, it proves to be only one of Ocean's eccentric freaks, executed in this case with almost human intelligence and care.

A sea-wall, compactly formed of water-worn pebbles of all sizes, shapes and materials, runs along the beach for about six miles, here and there broken by rocky points and little inlets, somewhat modified by its situation, but preserving with astonishing regularity several remarkable features. In places it is so high and wide that one can hardly believe it anything but a carefully constructed dike, designed to shelter the adjoining fields. Along part of its extent, where it separates the ocean from an extensive salt-marsh, it is utilized by the farmers of the neighborhood for a cart-road. Along another stretch, a plank walk surmounts it for half a mile.

It first appears in the form of a low wall composed of three terraces, near Little Boar's Head, in the town of North Hampton, thirty rods south of the slight projection known on the charts as Fox Hill Point. This portion of the wall is only about twenty rods in length, and seems much like a stone facing to the steep backward slope. Some forty rods north of the point it reappears, this time in the form of a large and compact dike, and extends along the water-line in a crescent form for at least fifty rods, terminating at a small cove directly east of the well-known Farragut house. This section of the wall is by far the most symmetrical and characteristic, and is the one selected for a more detailed examination and description. Beyond this point the wall runs with occasional breaks to its northern terminus without presenting any novel features.—*Louis Bell, in Popular Science Monthly.*

"You Are a Liar."

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. One day we were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know any thing about the ravenous nature of them potato bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potato bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potato patch for the second crop!" exclaimed Old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potato bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer and not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank, he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand, he inquired with a puzzled look:

"When did you get acquainted with me?"

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

THE CRUEL WAY OF EXECUTING ROYAL PERSONS IN BURMAH.

Calling the Princesses Across the Throat and the Princes Across the Neck—Death Without a Single Word Spoken.

We made the following extract from a letter sent from Burmah to the Philadelphia Press: I asked my companion whether many executions took place here now, and he replied: "There have been none for several weeks, because the palace intrigues have kept everybody in authority too busy scheming, plotting and planning to allow them to get up a public execution; but not many months ago I saw a band of a score or more men and women murdered on this sanguinary hillock. Some of the victims had royal blood in them, and they were not butchered in the common way. Imagine to yourself a princess charmingly dressed in silks and jewels, with flowers intertwined in her jet-black hair, being pushed or goaded up this hill. The crowd of spectators clustered in the rice-fields there, or perched upon the roofs of the houses you see peeping forth among the mango trees over against our extreme right set up a shout. It is not a shout of pity or mercy. It is merely one of holiday excitement. It is like the murmur you might hear once at Newgate when the felon appeared upon the scaffold, or in the Place de Greve when the victim's head was laid on the block beneath the guillotine. The sun is pouring down its brightest rays, which appear to concentrate with their greatest brightness on this hillock. One executioner unbands the girl's raven hair, throws the pretty flowers away, twists a tress of it round his hands, and pulls her head violently backward. Another executioner grasps a bamboo bludgeon with both hands. One, two, three! He swings it in the air, and down it falls upon that outstretched throat. One, two, three! and again it strikes the poor, gasping victim on the same place. The body falls lifeless, though still quivering. The princess is dead. Her body is cast aside disdainfully.

Then look at this other group of men bustling a handsome young Burmese in their midst—hauling at him, tugging at him, to get him to the summit of the mound. He also is of royal blood. Pride of race and that disregard for death which buoy up your true Buddhist as strongly as does the fatalism of the Wahabee, preserves equanimity in his deportment. He has flung something away over among the crowd. It is only his cheroot. He has done with it, and long before the brown urchin who has picked it up will have blown the last embers from it, the spark of life of its original owner will have joined the elements, and one more Buddhist soul will have started off on its vast career of transmigration. See, he stands there cool and collected, his profile a clear, dark outline against the unclouded sky. A high cheek-boned executioner seizes his long black hair in front and pulls his head forward until his chin adjoins his breast. The second executioner spits on his hands, grasps his bamboo club firmly, and—whish! whish! the bludgeon hisses through the air and falls on the nape of the neck of the victim. He falls forward on his face, the first executioner still holding on the hair. A second blow on the back of the neck, while the man lies prostrate, settles the matter. An experienced touch on the red and bruised neck tells the executioner that the vertebra is broken and that life has fled. Once more the body is spurned aside, and more victims are dragged up the hill. But these latter are only common victims and are killed in a common way."

I venture to ask my friend what he calls common killing. He explains: "According to the Burmese law royal blood must not be shed. This injunction is literally obeyed, for while the women are clubbed across the throat and the men across the neck, no blood is spilt. The common people may be executed in any way. On the morning of which I speak the common people were haled by a Burmese with a short sword until their heads rolled off. It was a terrible spectacle, but I saw no sign of horror among the spectators. Executions in Independent Burmah are too common, and have been for centuries, to excite much public feeling. Every man, woman and child knows that their turn may come next, just as they happen to encounter the displeasure of some high official. Come, let us be moving onward, or these vultures will think we have come here to provide them with a feast."

Big Prices for Fiddles.

At the recent sale of violins of the late Joseph S. Hulse by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, in London, the following lots realized high prices: Lot 5, a violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1738, £290; lot 7, a violin by Antonius Stradivarius, 1687, known as the "Spanish Stradivarius," £500; lot 13, a violin by Carlo Bergonzi, £290; lot 41, a violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1739, £245; lot 101, a violin by Francesco Rugerius, formerly the property of George IV., £330. The gem of the collection was a violoncello by Francesco Rugerius, a grand pattern instrument, formerly the property of George IV., afterward belonging to the Duke of Cambridge, which, after a spirited competition, was knocked down to Mr. Hart for £330.

Scientific Information.

Scientific explorers have just discovered in old Jerusalem the walls and foundations of what is supposed to have been a mammoth circus building. The absence of pruned shells may throw some doubt on the character of the discovery; and it is a little remarkable that these walls and foundations were not discovered the same time the "clown's" jokes in use the present day were unearthed.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SHAKE OF THE HAND.

One day upon the busy street,
A dear old friend I chanced to meet.
From a far distant land;
His face with pleasure was alight.
His asked me, "Is all with you right?"
And clasped and shook my hand.

It was not any word he said,
But just that care and sorrow fled
As if at his command.
"Twas not the smile upon his lip,
But just the honest, hearty grip,
With which he shook my hand.

Oh, lips may touch, and eyes may meet,
And both be false, and both be sweet!
But no one need be told,
When fingers touch and coldly part
They have not touched a feeling heart,
Or love is turning cold.

The hand is index sure and true
Unto the heart; you will not rue
If you its lesson take:
Feed not the promise of the lip,
But trust the firm and honest grip,
The strong yet tender shake.

And, oh, the strength and confidence,
The sympathy, the happy sense,
With which we understand!
The subtle, secret power we feel
When meeting fingers—but reveal,
The heart within the hand!

—Mary A. Burr, in Good Cheer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The girl graduate's pet letters—S. A.

A man always looks black when he feels blue.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Haste makes waste," said the man who threw a bootjack and killed a cat.

Border troubles—Too much hash; not enough berries.—*Wheeling Leader.*

"Enough is as good as a feast," remarked the fellow who found that the egg which he was about to eat was aged.

A full and accomplished young Dr. Fell in love with a lady named Pr., but his terms scientific.
Came forth—o-traffic!
That they really and truly quite shr.

A new postoffice in the South is called Langtry. It is hoped that it will not be true to its name, and cause the mails to go astray.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Alabama man advertises that he has something that will make hens lay. Perhaps it is a little string that ties their legs. Send stamps for the secret.—*Piney.*

"Pepi, how did you get along in school today?" "Badly, papa; the teacher gave me a thrashing." "Why?" "Well, he asked me how many teeth a man had, and I said a whole mouthful."—*Flu grand Blatter.*

Present reports say that Nebraska has 7,000 more girls than boys who are of school age. A little further along the girls will give the boys a chance to catch up and pass them in age matter.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Men grumble because cabbage is used as a substitute for tobacco in cigars; but they would probably grumble more if the best Havana tobacco should be served with their corned-beef as a substitute for cabbage.—*Puck.*

James Smith, of North Carolina, turned up an emerald while plowing near Greensboro. Many a man has plowed day in and day out without turning up anything more surprising to him than a nest of yellow jackets.—*Middle-town Transcript.*

A Harrisburg man boasts that he can split bullets on the edge of a hatchet sixty feet away, but we can't see what god that would do him. He could dull up a hatchet ten times as quickly by giving it to a servant girl to cut kindlings with.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Pa, did you hear that report that got out last night?" "What report, my son?" "The report of a pistol." The old man was arrested for chasing the boy with a hatchet, but was discharged when the facts were made known, with the advice to kill him next time.—*Grit.*

A farm item remarks that in fly time cows should be kept in stalls. This is for the convenience of the fly, increasing his opportunity of concentration and economizing much valuable time that would be otherwise consumed in chasing a frisky heifer through a ten-acre lot.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Nevada way of catching bears is for one man to feed the animal with salt, while a second slips around and ties his hind legs together. When the second man weakens and takes to his heels it's mighty embarrassing for the feeding man, especially when the salt is nearly gone.—*Boston Post.*

A New York photographer says that babies are among their best customers, because a baby changes so much every few months. Months! What kind of babies do they have in Gotham? Hereaway a baby that couldn't change twenty thousand times during the taking of one picture wouldn't be considered worthy of the name.—*Boston Transcript.*

LOVE LETTERS.

If thou, Miss, wouldst LOVE
My woes with X P D N C,
And me no more M A C S
Say thou art not mine N M E.

True love in its M N C T
My boldness meets X T O U S;
So let no M R O T
My darling hopes L M N S.

Thy beauty & X L N C
My egoism with X L R S,
And always O B D N C
To thee from me shall M N S.

For thou art my F N E T;
I hail thee as my D E T;
And if I love with X R G,
Ascribe it to my X T C.

Nothing makes the world seem more spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

Widow Glenn is the boss farmer of California, and perhaps of the world. Her wheat crop this year will bring her in \$700,000.

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VACATION SCRIBBLINGS.
BY THE EDITOR.

Such a renewal of vigor has come to me with a change of scene and rest from care, that what was an irksome task only a few days ago now comes as a sort of recreation, and my pen runs easily along with the flow of the thought that recalls the route by which I came here. I was wondering this morning how many of the thousands on thousands who daily sail through East River into Long Island Sound, or out upon the ocean, realize that down under the waters close at hand, are scores of workmen with drills and dynamite and all the modern appliances of excavation, completing the work of making broader and deeper the channel through the famous "Hurl Gate," so that the full tide of ocean travel can one day use this shorter gateway to and from the metropolis of America. Already much has been accomplished, so that the track of the sound steamers is now directly over the place where only a few years ago was a dangerous ledge of rock. Some of our readers will remember the grand explosion, on the 4th of July, a few years ago, when these acres of rock were buried in the excavation patiently carried on through many previous years.

As the great steamer of the Fall River line sailed over the spot, last week, with myself as one of the passengers, I could not help watching with interest the men just resuming work at the coffer-dams on either side, and paying a tribute to the energy and enterprise of a people hindered by no natural obstacles nor dismayed by barriers however seemingly insurmountable, of which this work was an example.

There is little in the frame work that rises above the shaft on "Flood Rock," the present point of active operations, to suggest the extent of excavations below,—the immense piles of debris lying about are more likely to do this,—yet neither would attract special attention. It is a fact, however, as I learned on enquiring, that the principal work of gallery building under this immense ledge of rock is completed,—the longest gallery being 1100 feet in length, and that the various galleries branch out through an area nearly nine acres in extent, and most of them thirty feet high. A place for dumping the vast amount of stone dug out in making these galleries is found between Flood Rock and Blackwell's Island, where is a great depression in the river, originally over 200 feet deep. My informant says work is carried on constantly, by means of relays of help, who live mostly on Long Island, and are conveyed back and forth in a ferry boat. The mules, of which there are a large number used in hauling the rock from the galleries to the heaving well, live in the mine, which is furnished with its blacksmith shop and other work rooms. The power used in driving the drills is compressed air, and the steam engines which drive the compressors run night and day. The principal trouble to the miners is from the water which flows in through seams in the rock, but it is quite easily got rid of by means of drains constructed for the purpose in each gallery, running into a common centre, where is a well, out of which it is pumped into the river again, at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute, if necessary.

Lieut. Derby, who is superintending this work under Gen. Newton, estimates that the mine will be ready for the final blast in October, and then, when the river is cleared, by means of grapples, to the depth of 26 feet at low tide, this section of the work will be accomplished and a new avenue to the sea thrown open.

Gen. Newton is now giving his personal attention to the familiar reef known as Frying Pan, located a few hundred yards up the river, which is nine or ten feet below the surface. The process is entirely different than used elsewhere in the river and consists of drilling down into the rock from the scows, placing the charges in the rock by divers, and firing them, and then clearing away the loose stone before drilling another series of holes. This section of the work is also rapidly approaching completion.

It has been a great pleasure to me to stroll about the streets of Newark, N. J., where I spent a few days, and visit familiar scenes. Naturally I found my way into the newspaper offices of the city, and was cordially welcomed by former acquaintances there. Mr. Phil A. Gifford is now managing editor of the Morning Register, which has made for itself a wide place in the newspaper circle, and is apparently highly prosperous. Mr. Gifford is assisted in the editorial work by Mr. Wm. Lomax, Jr., formerly of Cambridge, who fills the "City Editor's" chair acceptably to all. His friends in Cambridge will be pleased to know he is well situated in Newark, enjoying the respect and confidence of all.

The Daily Advertiser, one of the oldest papers in the country, established originally in 1768, maintains its position as the leader of all journalistic enterprises in the State and yielding a mighty influence in politics. It is entirely Republican in politics and program to a lamentable degree; but then, the average Jerseyman's ideas of temperance are not extremely orthodox, and even great newspapers are rarely anything more than mirrors of public opinion.

I had to smile broadly when I entered the office of the Daily Journal (the leading Democratic paper of the State) and noticed, with my first glance around, the familiar plaster cast of "Ben Butler," occupying its accustomed place on the desk of the proprietor, but minus the enormous—by proportion—spoon which until recently rested on the shoulder of the familiar form. It brought to my mind the old familiar adage in regard to sin:—

"First dabbled with—endured, embraced."

The sight of the Newark Journal defending the hero of New Orleans, apologizing for the "hasty conclusions" of years ago and taking the "beast" in its loving embrace is a moving spectacle, certainly. In the business office I found my friend, Mr. Flynn, bright, energetic and systematic as ever, the details of the business department well in hand to carry the Journal to still more prosperous fields.

The Sunday Call has grown to an eight page (64 columns) paper, with a wide circulation all through Essex County, and is on the road to high prosperity as a business enterprise.

In a city containing thousands—how many I have no means of estimating—of Germans, speaking no language but their own, it is not strange that they should strongly support German papers, and some of the most successful in the country are published here.

Newark has grown rapidly in the past few years. This is not noticed perceptibly in the business centres—Broad, Market and other streets—but in the outlying districts residences have sprung up like magic, and in some of these sections are to be found the mansions of the wealthy merchants of the city.

In "Military Park," a broad stretch of green sward, crossed with neatly kept walks, and adorned with beautiful stately elms, has lately been erected a statue of Gen. Phil Kearney, who fell in the late war, loved by his comrades in arms and honored by a nation he was able to do so much to save, and for which he gave all he had,—his life. This statue, a life-size bronze figure, stands on a granite pedestal, suitably inscribed, surrounded with an edge-stone in the form of the corps badge of his corps,—the five pointed star. Arlington has several soldiers who served in "Kearney's Brigade," and who still love to talk of the old commander, and his brilliant achievements.

A day or two ago I started to visit one of the border towns of Essex County. Missing the only morning train over the Morris & Essex R. R. by a moment,—thanks to poking horse cars,—the journey was continued by horse car for five miles, where connection with the stage route was expected. The last forenoon coach was gone when we arrived at the station after a two-mile tramp, leaving us the alternative of nearly four hours' wait at a country railroad station or a tramp of seven miles to destination. The bright day and cool air led to a stroll, and we plodded along in the hope that some countryman, returning from market, might shorten our journey with an invitation to ride. Our route lay up the eastern slope of the Orange mountain range, and any toll required to carry us to the highest point was amply repaid by the vision of beauty contained in the broad panorama spread out before us as we turned about to rest and view the scene. Directly beneath were the thriving towns of Montclair and Bloomfield and the picturesque suburbs of Newark. Out to the right was the city of Newark, with its fringe of outlying villages, the calm and shapely Newark Bay, formed by the Passaic and Hackensack rivers, glistening like silver in the sun. Further to the left were seen the cities of New York and Brooklyn, that latest marvel of architectural skill,—the Brooklyn Bridge,—showing its graceful proportions quite sharply, though in miniature size, at that great distance (it was fully twenty miles away) against the distant horizon. The lovely sweep of the Hudson where it entered the Narrows was

plainly in view, and new beauties, calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of an artist, dawned on us as we looked down upon and out beyond the eastern slopes of the Jersey hills.

Turning our backs on this charming view we were soon over the crest of the mountain, and trudging down into the valley. The walk to our journey's end was full of pleasure to me, and as we walked slowly there was nothing of weariness. We passed the Industrial School (an institution similar to our Westboro Reform School), built by the city of Newark for the care and training of her unruly children, and not long afterwards the new prison at Caldwell came into view. It is a fine building, opened by the County of Essex, built of stone and surrounded with a high wall, and I judge is quite the same as our House of Correction. Our route lay through a farming country, and evidences of thrift and prosperity abounded on every hand. At one of these houses,—the home of an ex-sheriff of Essex County,—we found our destination, and, though somewhat after the usual country dinner hour, my comrade and I were not too late for a cordial greeting and a generous repast. Need I say that a seven-mile walk (the sign board said seven, but I guess it was really ten) had given us appetites to enjoy the meal? The farm house where I stopped is near the shores of the Passaic river, which takes its rise not many miles above, and the whole section for miles around is a splendid farming country, supplying the adjacent cities with a large share of the farm products. I made my home at a modern built house which stands in the middle of a charming plot of thirty acres, where the son of the ex-sheriff is making for himself a beautiful home. Active business in Newark now commands all his time, but his purpose is to become a farmer, and the fertility of the soil here might well tempt any one with a taste in that direction.

A refreshing shower visited this section Monday evening, which freshened and cooled the air considerably.

William S. Hollis, son of Capt. Geo. F. Hollis, of Arlington, has been selected by Congressman Morse as a candidate for the midshipman cadetship at Annapolis from the 5th district.

H. M. Stanley was in good condition at the time the last news from him was received. He had entered upon a ten months' journey to the east coast of Africa, which increases his chances of getting well knocked on the head.

Our acting consul at Monterey, Rev. Mr. Shaw, has been most wantonly insulted and outraged, and the consulate injured. It is believed it will be difficult to restore good relations. A mob of Mexicans were the offenders. Mr. Shaw was so badly injured that his life seemed to be in danger.

Rev. A. E. Winship, pastor of the Prospect Hill church, Somerville, for the past nine years, has notified his society that he will resign, to take effect in October. Mr. Winship has occupied the pulpit at the Pleasant street church, Arlington, several times.

The Wakefield Assessors' books for 1883 give the valuation of the town as follows: Real estate, \$3,043,705; personal estate, \$352,902; resident bank stock, \$54,784; total valuation, \$3,451,391; number of polls, 1652; gain 93; rate of taxation, \$14.50 on \$1000, a reduction from last year of \$2.30 on \$1000.

The opening of the Olympian Club's skating rink at Ocean Pier, on Saturday, was a grand success. In the afternoon a large crowd was in attendance, and it kept increasing until, in the evening, the management were obliged to close the doors of the rink twice, as the floor had become absolutely packed.

It is now asserted that descendants of Martin Luther, in the direct male line, are still living in Germany. One of these is Heinrich Luther, who is thirty-two years old, a carpenter by trade, and the father of six sons. Another is Heinrich's brother, Carl, who is a theological student at Jena. Here are eight direct male Luthers, and though most of them must be mere boys, most of those boys may come near enough to full manhood to preserve the Luther family for many generations, unless they should be very unfortunate.

The Wide Awake for August is at hand, and running over with good things. It contains an interesting article on "The Lights of Paris," by Isabel Smithson, profusely illustrated by Bodfish, of Paris. The number is especially rich in engravings and abounds with short and timely sketches and stories. A poem, entitled a "Castle in Spain," has nine illustrations by A. Breman, which are dainty and artistic, and W. L. Taylor has a fine engraving illustrating Adelaide Proctor's poem "The Lost Chord." This charming magazine is published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

Capt. Webb, who was drowned at Niagara while attempting to swim the rapids, was well known in this vicinity, having spent a number of weeks with Mr. Kyle's family, residing on Mystic street, Arlington. The river has been searched for two miles below the rapids, but no trace has yet been found and probably never will be. He gave many exhibitions of his powers as a swimmer and diver for two or three seasons at Strawberry Hill and at Pemberton Pier. Including a part of the present season. His feats of high diving from the tower on a scow anchored off Hotel Pemberton and his perilous swim through Hull Gut within the past three weeks are fresh in the minds of all.

The dreadful ravages of cholera in Egypt continue. There were nearly 600 victims in Cairo alone during the twenty-four hours ended on Saturday, and other towns show a proportionally great number. There is also an epidemic at our very doors, the number of cases of yellow fever at Havana having risen to that importance. The State department is informed by the United States consul-general at Havana that eleven of the passengers of the steamer City of Washington, from Vera Cruz, were taken ashore at Havana sick with yellow fever, and that five out of the eleven died after being landed. Gen. E. O. C. Ord, United States Army, retired, was among the number of the sick, and he died after a few hours of intense suffering. For years Gen. Ord was in command of the District of Southwestern Texas, which from time to time was afflicted with yellow fever to a fearful extent. It is curious that he should have escaped while in the performance of duty, to be seized while apparently pleasuring. He was a good soldier and a brave man. The awful nature of the disease has seldom been more remarkably demoralizing.

Correspondence.
The Woman's Suffrage Question.

It is proverbially the Yankee method to answer one question by asking another. Ergo: Has the woman's suffrage movement yet tended to degrade her, either intellectually, socially or morally? Has it yet effected aught against the purity and refinement of society? And if jeremiads are unnecessary over its past, is it not possible that they may be over its future? There are thousands of women in the land who take an intelligent and patriotic interest in the good of their country; who read the papers and form opinions in politics, and each of whom may be as capable of voting wisely as her husband, if she have one. That they would be in any degree compelled to "cast aside that modesty and reticence" which a good woman can preserve under any circumstances, by the simple act of walking up to the ballot box—upon the arm of the presupposed husband—once or twice a year, and dropping therein a small slip of paper, is what only ignorance in a woman or selfishness in a man could assume. That would be all there is left for them to do, and that duty need not absorb their whole lives any more than it does those of their escorts. They may or may not desire it; that is a matter of private opinion with each, a privilege of taste which is as undoubtedly theirs as the right to vote; but what the change would be that it could make in their mental, moral or social attributes, more than it does in their husbands, at present, fails to be apparent. It must degrade the one sex as surely as the other, and it was never yet withheld from the most tenderly reared boy for the fear of hurting either his morals or his intellect. As to the necessity of their "mounting rostrums or plunging into maelstroms" as a part of the performance, cannot that be safely left until all the husbands are compelled to lead the way? And for the danger of becoming office holders incurred, the fractional proportion of that fraternity to the whole community is, thank Heaven, so attenuated a decimal, that all domestic catastrophes might be averted by confining that to the ranks of the anxious and aimless. It has never yet been known that a man's vote was challenged until he could show his ability to "speechify, smoke, swear and get drunk," though it must be confessed that what Massachusetts might yet demand in the way of rival qualifications for the right, would this year appear to be among the problems. The politics of the country might not be improved by the franchise of woman, but it is assuredly difficult to see how they could be made worse, and still more difficult to bring forward any argument for his claim to it that would not apply equally to hers. Certainly its being his "peculiar province,"—be he wise or ignorant, native or foreign,—to vote the taxes she shall pay upon her own property, and their appropriation, without giving her the opportunity for even a remonstrance; to make all the laws by which she must be governed, and from whose one-sided justice she has before now been made to suffer, is one of the cases that

"Needs optics sharp, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

Taxation without representation was tyrannical to man in 1776, and to woman, also, in the opinion of Abigail Adams, who was a woman wise enough at

least to be the wife of one President and the mother of another. Whatever Lydia Maria Child may have thought in New York, over forty years ago, it is to be presumed from her later opinions that she lived long enough to bless God for an enlightenment that enabled her to change her mind upon some points.

There is one axiom so familiar as to hardly need reiteration here. It is, that the intellectual, social, and above all, moral condition of a people, is to be judged by the status of woman in it. What the movement towards her elevation to a perfect equality with man in the civilized world has done for it morally and socially, not only history, but literature, can be left to answer. A comparison in both, of the present with the past, of one or more hundred years ago, would be a sufficient illustration of it. That much remains yet to be mended in society; that the respect for her is not always either as sincere on the one side, or as deserved on the other, as it should be, may be true; but it is a hopeful sign when vice pays virtue some tribute of hypocrisy and concealment, instead of vaunting itself unblushingly.

Lexington, July 24, 1883.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The patriotic duty of the past century was to drive the Indians across the great rivers to the wild West; the philanthropic duty of to-day is to receive them into our colleges and schools, and give them all the advantages and blessings of our Christian civilization. The driving duty of the past was better done, if we have regard only to success, than is the civilizing duty of the present; but the latter may have its turn, and it appears to have begun tolerably well. Once it was the wild West, now it is the mild East.—*Romano Collegeian*.

The old-fashioned picnic, with its baskets of good things, seats beneath the spreading trees, and innocent games and diversions was very harmless; but the beer-drinking, pavilion-dancing, late hour affair of the city is an institution which would bear moral inspection.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

Reputation is like fire; when once you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but, if once you extinguish it, you will not easily kindle it again; and if you should, it may burn a little but it will never blaze.—*Quincy Patriot*.

Butler says the ex-soldiers would "clean out" the State House if he gave the word. Is this a Napoleon that we have for Governor? Or is it a man who never won a battle, and was only famous as the hero who was "bottled up"?—*Cambridge Press*.

The Brockton Gazette says, "that there is considerable trend of public opinion in favor of Congressman Geo. D. Robinson, of Hampden County, as the anti-Butler candidate for Governor next fall."

The Western Union Telegraph Co.'s operators are still on strike. The operators of the Rapid have adjusted their difficulties and resumed work.

Yellow fever is raging in Cairo, cholera in Havana, destructive winds in the West and Ben Butler and Dennis Kearney in Massachusetts. Whither are we drifting?

Deaths.

In Boston, July 26, Jacob Smith Viles, 43 years. Services at his late residence, 12 Gray street, at 12 o'clock Saturday. Burial at Lexington.

HOUSE TO LET.

On Broadway, a house containing nine rooms, hot and cold water and bathroom. All in good repair. Apply to R. W. SHATTUCK, Jr. Arlington, July 27, 1883.

Philadelphia Ice Cream Co.

HAVE REMOVED TO
171 Tremont Street, Boston,
Where with increased facilities they are supplying
Families, Fairs, Festivals Parties, Weddings, Etc.,
With their celebrated
ICE CREAM
At Reasonable Rates.
13July
Boat Found.
The subscriber has picked up adrift in Lower Mystic Pond, a flat bottomed skiff, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges. Apply to F. W. POTTER, S. A. Fowle's Arlington Mills. 29July

Custom Made Market Wagon

of Superior Finish,
FOR SALE.
Apply at the Lexington Carriage Manufactory. 13July2w
HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.
Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.
Enquire of
ASA COTTELL.

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and
Promptly Performed.
With improved method of ventilation and drainage, by
Wm. Mills & Co.,
237 Washington St., Boston.
Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington. 25may

PLEASANT STREET MARKET, ARLINGTON.

WINN & PIERCE,
DEALERS IN
Provisions and Vegetables
OF ALL KINDS,
BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, EGGS, ETC., ETC.
Spinach, Dandelions, Lettuce, Radishes and other Seasonable Articles.
Goods delivered in Arlington, Arlington Heights and Belmont, free of charge. Anything not in stock will be furnished at short notice.

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HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails, Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks, Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.
Flag Colors 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trace Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$3.75. Frison Harnesses, hand sewed, \$50.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$35.00
And all other goods in the hardware and line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.
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GROCERIES,
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AND PACIFIC GUANO IN ANY QUANTITY, AT LOW RATES
Also a full line of
Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty and Painters' Supplies.

This store is also stocked with an unusually full line of Glass, Crockery, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, together with Brooms, Brushes, Mats, Pails, Tubs; a great variety of Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, etc. Goods delivered free of charge.

The representative of a large Southern tobacco house, who has made the matter a study, says that the extent to which drugs are used in "doctoring" cigarettes is appalling.

The drugs impart a sweet and pleasant flavor and have a soothing effect, that in a little time obtain a fascinating control over the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes, the more he desires to smoke, as is the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effects of the drug is attributed the success of the cigarette.

By the use of drugs it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers, therefore, put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them.

What is called "Havana flavoring" has grown to be an important article of commerce. Thousands of barrels of it are sold everywhere. It is extensively used in manufacturing certain kinds of cigarettes. It is made from the tonca bean, which contains a drug called melilotis, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog. Imagine the effect which must result from puffing that vile stuff into the lungs hour after hour.

The paper coverings, manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers, are also a fruitful source of evil to the cigarette smoker. Vile as it is, it is bought up in great masses by agents of the manufacturers who turn it into a dingy pulp, and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances used in bleaching have a very harmful influence on the membrane of the mouth, throat and nose, and is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped with it at a cost of two cents.

Arsonal preparations, it is said, are used in bleaching most cigarette papers, and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a consequence of combustion. The latter has a most injurious effect upon the membrane of the mouth, throat and lungs, and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in any one predisposed to the disease.

A mouthpiece which had been in use was unrolled by a smoker. Its edge, to the depth of about half an inch, was covered with the dark, poisonous acid, the odor of which was intolerable. The pernicious stuff taken into the smoker's system assists to bring about the sunken cheek, the dull and listless appearance, which mark the slave of the cigarette.—Philadelphia Times.

The pledge should constitute a part of home and school education. Every father should be a Jonadab, every mother a pledged abstainer, if they would found a prosperous house, and rear Samuels, Samsons and Johns to do the Lord's work; and every teacher in Sunday or day schools should be able to instruct his pupils in the nature and effect of the cruel alcoholic poison, and press upon the juvenile conscience every motive for abstinence.

Among women in the highest walks of life in Chicago, liquor drinking and drunkenness are fearfully common. Dr. Duncan says that he could count twenty such cases, first and last, in his practice. He says that the women living in fashionable hotels and boarding houses are in a shocking number inebriated. In many cases they have completely broken up their homes and gone headlong to ruin. Dr. Singely says that drunkenness in its very worst forms will be found in some of the very first families in the city.

For the sake of the coming generations, let us as individuals avoid all stimulants in every form. For the majority of all drinkers inherit a liking for alcohol from drinking progenitors. Let us live pure lives, free from these injurious habits, and not cause the coming generations to suffer as this one, endless penalties for the taste which is born in them.

Rum controls the political primaries and dictates the nomination of men, in a majority of the districts, who will prove tractable when the contest is waged against the traffic for its destruction. Rum enters our state and national conventions and sees to it, whichever party shall succeed, that its candidates are safe for the traffic in alcoholic poisons.

I would that every woman in our land might awake to the importance, not only of good laws, but of good officers to enforce those laws. When once women are awake on this subject, we will be able to accomplish so much more than we can now, for the right will then be given us to help ourselves.

In answer to the question, "Are you a prohibitionist?" John B. Gough replied, "Most decidedly so. I am an out and out prohibitionist. I have worked for it and suffered for it. While I favor moral suasion, yet, at the same time, I am a prohibitionist. I am deadily opposed to license. I would rather have free rum than license."

No man who takes out a license to sell intoxicating liquors ever intends to obey the law. To do so would ruin his business. Why? Because the law only

allows sales on week days, to good, sober men, who never get drunk.

Why is the street a fitter place for the education of our boys than for our girls? Why does the world wink at that in a man which it frowns upon in a woman?

In keeping with its midsummer holiday character, the August Century contains an unusual number of short stories and striking illustrations, as well as poems and articles adapted to summer reading. The number offers, in addition to the most entertaining paper yet given of Mr. Howells' "A Woman's Reason," the first part of a stirring romance called "The Breadwinners," which will run through six numbers of the magazine. Humor is the characteristic of the short stories which comprise "The New Silk Dress Story," by James D. Hague; "The New Minister's Great Opportunity," by the author of "Eli" and "The Village Convict"; and another group of Joel Chandler Harris' "Nights with Uncle Remus."

The frontispiece, and an admirable essay by Henry James, have to do with the leading French novelist of the day,—Alphonse Daudet—whom Mr. James places at the head of living writers of fiction. G. W. Prothero contributes an art essay, richly illustrated by engravings of ideal pictures and portraits, upon the works of "Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor Gallery." John Burroughs has an admirable and judicial word to say of "Carlyle," apropos of the reminiscences and letters, including those of Mrs. Carlyle. "Bob White, the Game Bird of America," is the subject of the first illustrated article, by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology. "Under the Olives," Mrs. Bianciardi describes olive culture in Southern Europe, and gives interesting information regarding the successful efforts to grow olives in California. A humorously illustrated article is Robert Adams' Jr., description of the "Oldest Club in America," the Philadelphia Fishing Association, known as the State in Schuylkill, which resembles the London Beefsteak Club. In "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians in Southern California" (profusely illustrated), H. H. concludes her historical sketch of priestly devotion to the aborigines, and of government neglect and injustice.

August is the great holiday month, and the August St. Nicholas is essentially a holiday number, taking its readers away from the great cities to the mountains and sea side, by the brooks and the breakers. Edwin Lassetter Bynner contributes an amusing and capably illustrated story, entitled "Our Special Artist." A bright, amusing and exciting sea story is the Rev. Charles R. Talbot's "Lady of the Chinachook." Maurice Thompson, in the "Work and Play Department," has a seasonable paper on "Fly-fishing for Black Bass," which he writes for the purpose of advocating fly-fishing as a sport for boys and girls. There is also an excellent story for girls called "Zinta's Fortune," by Kate Tannatt Woods. The frontispiece, by Jessie McDermott, illustrates a charming poem by Margaret Johnson, entitled "The Beautiful Day," Bessie Hill has some illustrated verses, "In Summer time," and Celia Thaxter writes "The Story of a Castle." J. T. Trowbridge takes the "Tinkham Brothers" through a thrilling midnight attack on their "Tide-mill"; the "Swept Away" party in Edward S. Ellis' serial have several exciting adventures in their voyage down the swollen waters of the Mississippi, and Harry M. Kieffer relates how he "Went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves." There are in addition, stories, sketches, jingles and pictures by many others.

Our Little Ones is again on hand for August, and is as bright and interesting as ever for the young folks, whom it cannot fail to amuse. It contains a number of short and seasonable stories, and its illustrations are as attractive as ever. Russell Pub. Co., are the publishers of this always welcome monthly.

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

Vegetine thoroughly eradicates all humors and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

FASHIONABLE GOODS. LATEST IMPORTATIONS. NEW STYLES. FRANK J. ROGERS, Merchant Tailor

Merrill's Building. Would call attention to his stock of Suits, selected with great care and embracing a larger stock than ever before shown here. Garments cut in the latest style, made up in the best manner under personal supervision, and warranted to fit in every case. Call and examine the new goods.

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We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom 250 ROLLS

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Table Board! During the summer months or longer, parties wishing to be accommodated by Mrs. W. W. Moore, corner of Arlington Avenue and Washington Street, Arlington. Terms reasonable. 23June-3w

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ARTISTS' MATERIALS FROST & ADAMS, 37 Cornhill, Boston. Full Catalogue Free. jan16-1y

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Frederick Lemme, FLORIST. CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS, Bouquets, Anchors, Crowns and Crosses FLORAL DECORATIONS. Of every description. PLANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED SOIL. PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON MASS.

AMMI HALL, Carpenter and Builder, ARLINGTON AVE., ARLINGTON, MASS. Jobbing and repairing promptly done. Particular attention given to putting up Bat-Hook windows and door screens made to order.

A. H. POTTER, WATCHMAKER, 10 Bromfield St., And 290 Washington Street, Boston.

TO LET. The homestead of the late Geo. H. Gray, on Pleasant Street. Also, House Lots for Sale. Apply to Wm. M. Hot, Jr., 30 Court Street, or to John Gray, 9 Sewall Place, off 16 Milk Street, Boston. 20Apr4w

For Sale in Arlington. For sale in Arlington, near the centre station two good Houses, a nice stable with one of them, two acres of land well stocked with apple, pear, cherry and peach trees and quince, currant and gooseberry bushes, grape vines and other small fruits all in healthy bearing condition. Need but to be examined to be appreciated. Also, To Let. A fine house and large stable, with five acres good land, with fruit trees. Terms very easy. Apply to H. MOTT, Arlington, Mass 22d, 1883. 20April 1f

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 25, 1883, trains will run as follows:— LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Andover at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Andover at 7:05, 9:30, a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30, p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, a.m.; 12:35, 4:50, 11:30p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Prison Station at 8:45, a.m.; leave Boston at 12:40, p.m.

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SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MIRROR.

Upon this old and rusty nail
I've hung for many years;
Ah, me! but I could tell a tale
Of pleasure—yes, and tears.
How many a beaming countenance
That in the days gone by
Gave me the quick, admiring glance
Now in the churchyard lie!

Wrinkles have grown on faces fair,
Bright eyes their luster lost,
And on the fair heads of glossy hair
Has fallen age's frost;
The manly form erect and proud,
Has lost its stately grace,
And gray with years and sorrow bowed
Now shuns my truthful face.

The lad who shaved his downy lip
By my reflected aid,
And made so many a cruel slip
With keen-edged razor blade,
Now hath a son, who, now and then,
With comic grimace,
Apes well the ways of older men
And scrapes his beardless face.

A maiden lady, old and spare,
Who mourns her lonely state,
Comes here and combs her scanty hair
In style long out of date;
Then, with affected unconcern,
She daubs her cheek with red,
In hopes that she may some day turn
Some single codger's head.

Two lovers came to-day and gazed
Together in my face—
He with enthusiasm praised
The beauty of her face;
Clasped in each other's loving arms
Quite long they gazed in me—
John looked at Mary's buxom charms,
And Mary—so did she!

There! Bobbie with his dreadful ball,
Has ended me, I know!
My frame hangs empty on the wall.
My fragments lie below.
Ah, well, 'twould do but little good
My feelings to express—
The stony glances I'd witness
Had weakened me, I guess.

—Parmenter M. C.

"PERSEVERANCE."

Just at the instant of sunset the
light broke through the leaden masses
of cloud like a belt of brass, red, threat-
ening, yet most welcome. For there,
darkly outlined against the sullen glen,
stood a little cabin, with its thread-like
wreath of smoke curling upward, and
an old fisherman sitting mending his
nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been
wandering hopelessly among the
marshes for some time, with a lively
sense of the inconvenience of getting
lost in those saline deserts, stood and
stared at it as if it were a will-o'-the-
wisp.

"I'm sure it couldn't have been there
five minutes ago," he pondered within
himself.

"Evenin', stranger!" said old Zadoc
Peck. "Been a shootin', eh?"
"I've lost my way," said Cheston,
plunging through the tall reeds, until
at last he gained a secure footing by
the cabin door.

"Well, I thought likely," commented
Zadoc. "Ain't many folks come here
a purpose."

"Could I obtain a night's lodging
and some supper?" hinted our weary
sportsman.

"I guess so," serenely answered Mr.
Peck. "If you don't mind sleepin' up
garret. As for supper, Perseverance
has gone out to dig clams for us. Like
baked clams, eh?"

"His son," thought the major.
"What a quaint couple they must
be."

But he sat down in the red light
and looked at the morning-glory
vines trained to the window, the busy
fingers of the old man, the murmur-
ing wilderness of reeds and rushes be-
yond.

"That's right," said Zadoc. "Set
down and take it easy. Perseverance
will be back pretty quick with the
clams, and then you'll get some good
hot supper. Perseverance is a master
hand to cook."

"Perseverance" came presently, but
to Major Cheston's infinite surprise
she was no lubberly boy nor half-civil-
ized young man, but a tall, blooming
maiden of sixteen, with jetty hair float-
ing down her back, large dark eyes,
long lashed and almond-shaped, and
cheeks like roses. Her short, gypsy-
like skirts revealed shapely brown feet,
yet bearing the impress of the wet
sands where she had waded out to dig
clams, and on one arm she carried a
basket of clams whose weight would
have been no trifle even to the stal-
wart muscles of this major of caval-
ry.

She was not at all embarrassed by
the presence of a stranger, but came
frankly up to him, setting down her
basket to examine the contents of his
game-bag.

"You've had poor luck, stranger,
haven't you?" she said, pityingly.
"I could ha' done better myself
on them marshes at this time o' year."
"Perseverance is a first-rate shot,"
chuckled the old man. "Go now,
girl, and cook us some supper."

The roast clams, coffee and corn
bread were most palatable, and after
supper Major Cheston gave Persever-
ance a newspaper from his pocket.

"It is this morning's," said he.
"Would you like to see it?"
But she motioned it away.

"I can't read," said she, indiffer-
ently.

"You cannot read!" echoed the
amazed major. "Why, how old are
you?"

"Sixteen," Perseverance answered,
reddening.

"My sister Kate is only sixteen,"
said Major Cheston, speaking without
due reflection, "and she reads and
writes four different languages, plays
the piano and guitar, draws and paints,
and—"

"Pshaw!" said Perseverance, arch-
ing her slender neck. "Can she shoot
black duck and curlews?"
"That is hardly one of the accom-

plishments prescribed for young
ladies," said the major, smiling.

"Can she swim?"

"No, but—"

"Can she clip a blue heron on the
wing? or get in a haul of bluefish
when the tide is strong and the wind
due east? or fight a shark, hand to
hand, with only a marlin-spike for a
weapon?"

And once again Major Cheston was
compelled to answer in the negative.

"Well," said Perseverance, compla-
cently, "I can!"

And she rose and went out of the
room, and Major Cheston saw no more
of her that night.

"She isn't offended, is she?" he asked
of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a
pipe and staring hard at the fire all the
while.

"Offended? Our Perseverance of-
fended?" echoed the old man. "You
don't know her, stranger?"

"But, really," hazarded Cheston,
"it is scarcely right to bring up a girl
like that in such total ignorance, now
is it?"

"Well, we haven't no schools nor
academies hereabouts," said the old
man. "And if we had, Perseverance
wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but
what she gets along first-rate!"

And Major Cheston wasted no more
time in argument.

He slept well and soundly that night
under the sloping roof of the little
garret, through whose shunk boards
the quiet stars peeped down at him,
and at daybreak he went down upon
the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the
tide was coming in with a rush and a
roar, and an occasional flying shower
of spray. The fresh wind took off his
hat, and whirled it into the water. He
made an involuntary plunge after it,
lost his footing on the slippery sands,
and the next instant he was struggling
for dear life with the surf, dragged
constantly down, and still further out
to sea by the treacherous undertow.
In a last effort to regain himself, he
struck his head against a jagged point
of stone and knew nothing more.

"You needn't thank me, stranger,"
said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over
the recovering patient, with hot towels.
"I didn't know a thing about it till
she ran up, as white and breathless as
a snow flurry, to get me to help you
in. She had swum out to sea and
dragged you back to land herself! She's
a brave girl, is Perseverance, and there's
nothing she can't do if once she
sets herself about it."

Major Cheston thanked his young
rescuer earnestly; but nothing would
induce her to take the gold he offered
her.

"It must be a poor creature that
wants reward for saving a man's life,"
said she, with a short laugh.

And Cheston desisted.

"The girl is too pretty," he said to
himself. "No one but the hero of a
third-class romance ever marries a
half-civilized young savage, because
she has dark eyes and hair growing
low on her forehead. I must get away
from this place—and I must keep
away!"

Physically this was an easy thing to
do; but mentally—what is there but
the wild winds of heaven so uncon-
trollable as a man's thoughts?

At the end of a year he came back
from Switzerland and went straight to
the Long Island marshes.

"I must see her," he said to himself.
"I must tell her that I love her. I
must ask her to be my wife."

When the train reached Nine-
veh, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful
girl, in a cashmere dress, sparkling
with jet, and a saucy black hat,
came to him, holding out her hand.

"You are Major Cheston?" said she.
"And you," he answered, "are Per-
severance Peck?"

She smiled and nodded. How beau-
tiful she had grown!

"I was going out to the old house,"
he said.

"I do not live there any more," said
Perseverance. "Father's dead, and I'm
being educated. You see," she
added, "that your words, hard and
cruel as I then thought them, were
not without their effect. I am stay-
ing with some friends, and I share the
advantage of their governess. And
Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid
scholar."

"Russell!"

That name was very familiar to
him.

"At Castle Point, a little way down
the island," explained Perseverance.
"They know you very well. Hugh
Russell and I often talk about you."

Hugh Russell! A dagger thrust of
jealousy went through Major Cheston's
heart. Hugh Russell, whom he
remembered such a handsome, daring
young fellow? Was he, then, too late
in his decision? Had some other hand
gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypoc-
rasy of lovehood, he vowed that he had
intended all along to visit the Russells,
and accompanied Perseverance thither
at once.

"Yes," said placid Mrs. Russell. "Is
she not beautiful? She used to come
to my Sunday-school class last sum-
mer, at the little Sandy Point chapel,
and when her poor old father died I
took her to stay with me. And we are
all so attached to her, and she is so
lovely and winning. Quite like my
own daughter."

Late that evening Major Cheston
went out on the stone-paved terrace,
where Perseverance was sitting on the
rail, looking up at the million golden
stars which spangled the violet sky.
She welcomed him with her quiet, self-
possessed smile.

"Perseverance," he said, "you are
seventeen years old, now?"

"Yes," she assented, "I am seven-
teen years old."

"Almost a woman," said he.

"Quite a woman," she responded.
"Oh, it seems as if I had grown so
many, many years older since poor
father died!"

"Has any one spoken to you of
—love?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered, with gravity.

"But they will—sometime?"

"I suppose so," said Perseverance.

Evidently there was nothing of the
coquette about her.

"Would you be very much surprised,
Perseverance, if I were to tell you that
I loved you?"

She started and colored to the very
roots of her hair.

"Surprised?" she repeated. "Yes
—oh, yes! For you despised me in
those days."

"Never!" he cried.

"Or at least I fancied so," she fal-
tered.

"But I love you now, Perseverance
—sweetest, precious treasure of my
soul!" he went on, reading some dim
encouragement in the downcast eyes,
the red, quivering mouth. "I will not
let you go until you promise to be my
wife. You have saved my life once
and it is in your power to save it from
further shipwreck now."

Hugh Russell had spoken the same
words of love in her ear two hours be-
fore and she had run away from him,
half angry and wholly frightened.
But this—this was different.
"Will you promise me, Persever-
ance?" he gently reiterated.

"Yes," she answered.

And that was the way in which
Major Cheston, whose heart had been
so long regarded by his lady friends as
an invulnerable fortress, won the
beautiful young wife who was as un-
like the other belles of society as is
the tropical blossom of the scarlet
pomegranate to the commonplace red
roses of the garden border.

It was a strange meeting, a still
stranger wooing, but a most happy mar-
riage. And perhaps this is the most
satisfactory record that any love affair
can leave.

Indian Treatment of Captives.

The five Mexican women and one
child recaptured from the Apaches by
General Crook were surprised by a
band of Apaches under the personal
command of Geronimo, about the 10th
of May. The Indians, with their cap-
tives, traveled incessantly the remain-
der of the day and all night. They
calculated that the next morning after
their capture they were at least one
hundred miles distant, though they
cannot tell in what direction. For
three days they were without water,
but after that it was found in abun-
dant. The country through which they
passed was beyond description.

At times they were compelled to crawl
upon all fours. Their thirst for the
first three days nearly drove them
crazy, and the Indians would whip and
lash them up, and compel them to
travel. Toward the last of their cap-
tivity their food commenced giving
out, and they were put upon rations, a
small piece of raw beef being all that
was given them. This had to be di-
vided among the six. Mrs. Antonia
Hernandez all this time carried her
little child in her arms. The Indian
children took great pleasure in tor-
menting him, pinching him, and jab-
bing sharpened sticks into his sides,
giving him great pain. When they
remonstrated, Geronimo or his men
only laughed at her misery. The last
two days of their captivity they had no
food at all. There was snow on the
mountains. The cold was intense, and
the women suffered greatly, almost
freezing. The Indians never remained
quiet in one spot a day, but were con-
tinually moving. They traveled nearly
100 miles a day, going in every direc-
tion, but tending generally nearly
westward. The captives were abused
and maltreated in every possible man-
ner. They were made to work heavily
whenever camp was made, and were a
general object of abuse and ridicule.
The Indians would take up Mrs. Her-
nandez' little boy, threaten to kill him,
and would throw stones at him, to the
great mental anguish of his mother.

One of the women was sent as a host-
age of some sort to Chihuahua to make
peace. The exposure to cold, thirst,
famine and exhaustion from travel and
fear of torture was having an effect on
the poor women. The first thing they
knew they were hustled one day fur-
ther into the mountains. The next
day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered
them up to General Crook. As one of
them expressed herself when she saw
General Crook and the soldiers: "It
seemed as if the sky opened and Heav-
en appeared."—*San Francisco Morn-
ing Call.*

Killed by a Statue.

The story of the sculptor at Ay
(Mr. Smith), who is reported to have
been crushed to death by a heavy
monument on which he was at work,
and which he somehow brought down
upon himself from the platform on
which it had been raised, recalls several
stories of antiquity and of the Middle
Ages in which the sculptor is repre-
sented as struck to the ground and
killed by his own creation. Some-
times, too, a statue will fall in an in-
dependent manner on a person who
had taken no part in creating it, but
who had been guilty of some offense
generally toward the statue itself. A
statue, for example, having been
erected during his lifetime to the
wrestler Theagenes, a jealous rival ap-
proached it one night, and after insult-
ing it by word of mouth, seized it by
the beard and pulled it down upon
himself with crushing effect. An en-
deavor, too, has been made to explain,
by a like affront, followed by like con-
sequences, the legend of Don Juan and
the statue of the commander. Unhap-
pily, in the case of Mr. Smith, the story
is true. The monument that crushed
him was a tombstone weighing up-
wards of half a ton.—*Pall Mall Ga-
zette.*

A Chinese doctor has been fined \$104
at Phoenix, Arizona Territory, for prac-
tising without a diploma. The Celestial
produced a Chinese document
which he claimed was a diploma, but
the court thought it only a laundry
bill.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Spavin in a Horse.

The first indication of spavin is a
limping movement of one hind leg. It
is not shown when the animal is stand-
ing, and only when moving, and is
worse when going up hill or moving
quickly. The trouble is in the hock
joint, internally, where the bones move
upon each other, and consists of in-
flammation and bony growths on the
surfaces of the bones. Treat it with
cold water bandages at night and ap-
ply blistering ointment on the front
and sides of the joint, a piece as large
as a bean rubbed into the skin.

Twice Raking.

We have more than once said that
it does not pay, and we are glad that
so able a journal as the *Germantown
Telegraph* presents the idea. It is
this: In removing the hay from the
field, that portion known as raking
should be allowed to remain, for two
reasons—one is that it will not pay for
the labor in gathering up; the other,
that it does pay, and twice over, in
being scattered over the field, and act-
ing as a mulch to the exposed roots of
the stubble. These rakings keep the
roots cool and moist, and will add
largely to next year's yield of timothy
or orchard grass, as the case may be.
Many first-class farmers pursue this
method at all times, but there are so
many who do not that we regard it as
worth while to remind them of the ad-
vantages of it, and ask them to give it
a trial.—*New York Herald.*

Cabbage.

A writer in the *Homestead*, of Bat-
tonville, Iowa, says: The prevailing
custom of raising cabbage plants in a
hotbed or frame and afterward trans-
planting them is a mistake. We have
experimented for several years, using
both modes, and invariably got the best
results from planting the seed in the
hills where we wish them to grow,
planting three or four seeds in each
hill and thinning them out after they
show the fourth leaf, taking the poorest
plants out and leaving only the best.
Last year of my cabbage
planted in this way several weighed
over twenty-five pounds, while those
from plants carefully set out in the
usual way and with the same cultiva-
tion would weigh scarcely ten pounds.
Transplanting checks the growth at
the most critical time, and the retard-
ed plants show the effects during the
whole season and are less likely to
head.

Cows.

Suppose that the worst cow in a
farmer's herd will produce one hun-
dred pounds of butter annually, and
very many cows will not do this much,
and his best cow will produce two
hundred pounds per annum, at a cost
of five dollars more for extra feeding,
which will also add considerably to the
value of the manure pile. The average
annual cost of feeding a cow is about
twenty-five dollars, and supposing that
the value of the manure produced on
the farm will pay the cost of attend-
ance, and the skimmed milk pay for
making the butter, the farmer would
require to sell his butter at twenty-five
cents per pound in order to avoid
losing money by his poor cow, but as
twenty cents per pound is a pretty high
average for dairy butter, the annual
loss of the poor cow will be
about five dollars. Contrast this with
the results obtained from the good cow.
Her feed will cost about thirty dollars,
to be deducted from the sale of two
hundred pounds of butter at twenty
cents per pound, leaving a clear profit
of \$10 in the season. We will now
suppose that our farmer buys a good
Jersey cow, that will produce four
hundred pounds of butter annually,
while she costs no more to keep than
the cow which produces two hundred
pounds. As Jersey butter is much
superior to ordinary butter it ought to
bring higher prices, but in this case
we will suppose that it is sold at the
same rate as the other, when the ac-
count would stand thus: From four
hundred pounds sold at twenty cents
per pound (\$80), take thirty dollars
cost of keep and there will remain \$50
of clear profit, or five hundred per
cent more than from the good cow
which produced two hundred pounds.
—*Rusticus, in Montreal Witness.*

Mixing Soils to Produce Fertility.

The most productive kind of soils
are a natural mixture of sand and
clay, and known as loams. The nearer
poorer soils can be made to resemble
loams the better they will be. There
are many ways of improving inferior
soils, and one is rendering them fer-
tile by a proper admixture.

A soil, for instance, with too large a
per cent. of clay in its composition
will be improved by an application of
sand or sandy loam. Calcareous, sandy
and peaty soils will respond favorably
to the addition of clay. Calcareous
earth may be added to clays, sands
and peats with the certainty of benefit.
The benefits arising from an admix-
ture of soils are twofold—the mecha-
nical texture is improved and the chemi-
cal composition of the soil is altered.

While there is no doubt but that
soils possessing defects in their phys-
ical and chemical properties may be
rendered productive by a proper ad-
mixture, it does not of necessity follow
that it will always pay to resort to this
method. For instance, a piece of very
stiff land might require so large a per
cent. of sand to be added in order to
make it as loose and friable in texture
as is desirable that the operation will
involve more labor and expense than is
within ordinary farm practice.

In such a case as the above it is ad-
vised to ascertain the nature of the
subsoil, through which the surface soil
may often be readily improved. For
example, if a sandy soil rests immedi-
ately upon a substratum of clay, which
is near the surface, the clay may be
turned up and mingled with the sur-
face soil to advantage. Or where the
clay is uppermost great good may

sometimes be done by deepening it and
mixing it with the sandy layer below.
Where the soil and subsoil are similar
in character and this plan cannot be
resorted to, if there is soil possessing
opposite properties sufficiently near at
hand so that it can be applied at rea-
sonable cost, then admixture becomes
the proper process.

There are situations, however, where
neither of the advantages named exist,
the whole farm being of a uniformly
sandy or clayey soil. In such a situa-
tion various expedients are resorted to.
Heavy rolling and sheep folding are
practiced with favorable results on
light soils. Strong, stiff lands are
greatly improved by turning under of
green crops and by applications of lime.
—*New York World.*

The Care of Young Orchard Trees.

Many orchards have been planted
within the past few years, and for
want of reasonable attention to them
much loss may be sustained. Horses,
cattle and sheep must in all cases be
excluded from the inclosure. Cattle
will break down and eat off the tops
of young trees; horses will do the
same, though in a less degree; and
both will do much injury by tramping
around the trees when the ground is
wet. Sheep will often do no harm for
a week or longer, and in a single day
thereafter will eat the bark off the
trunks, and kill half the trees or more.
Calves are no better than sheep in this
respect. Hogs generally do well in a
bearing orchard, eating the wind-falls
and wormy fruit; but in the case of
young trees they often injure both
roots and stems; hence they should
also be kept out of newly-set orchards.

Leaving young trees in grass to
struggle along as best they may, is not
good treatment. They should be cul-
tivated for at least four years after
planting. With this care they will
generally be ready at the end of that
time to begin bearing, while if left to
themselves they will be twice as long
in fruiting. This has been demon-
strated by experience, time and again.

The best crops for an orchard are
those which will do the trees least
harm. Wheat and other small grains,
are the most objectionable, as they
interfere with the necessary cultiva-
tion, as well as exhaust the soil. Corn,
potatoes and such things as require
to be worked, are not injurious if
manure is supplied regularly and in
ample quantity to make up for the
loss of fertility occasioned by the
raising of the crops. This is prefer-
able to leaving the ground bare all
summer.

The best manures are barn-yard
manure, leaf-mold and wood-ashes.
They are not best used together, but
separately, and some months apart.
Ashes, unless leached, should be applied
sparingly, and all should be scattered
broadcast and not in contact with the
trunk of the tree.

In cultivating among trees a quiet,
tractable team and a careful hand are
absolutely necessary. To run over and
injure a tree worth \$5 in order to save
a hill of corn or potatoes worth half a
cent, is the poorest kind of economy;
yet many do this without thinking.

When desirable, as it sometimes is,
to plant an orchard on ground which
is not level, cultivation continued for
a number of years will produce wash-
ing of the soil. To avoid this the grass
must receive encouragement in order
to hold the earth. But a circle of five
or six feet or more around each tree
should be kept stirred with the hoe or
other implement during the growing
season, being careful not to go deep
enough to interfere with the roots.—
R. J. Black, in Examiner.

Recipes.

SPANISH SHORTCAKE.—Take three
eggs, half a cup of butter, one
cup of sugar, two-thirds of a
cup of sweet milk, a little cinna-
mon, two cups of flour and one tea-
spoonful of baking powder; stir the
flour in, do not knead it; the eggs,
butter and sugar should be beaten to-
gether till very light. Bake in a shal-
low tin; when it is done spread a thin
frosting over the top; make this of
the white of an egg, a little pulverized
sugar, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon;
set it in the oven to brown.

CORN AND BEAN SOUP.—Take two
pounds of beef, a pound of pork, a pint
of black or navy beans (soak over-
night), a large onion, a small carrot,
a head of celery. Put the above ingre-
dients into the soup pot with a gallon
of cold water and let simmer gently
for five or six hours. Take off and
let it get cold; remove the grease and
place it on the stove to boil again.
About an hour before dinner add a
quart of canned corn. Strain the
soup, season with cayenne pepper and
salt, and serve with or without the ad-
dition of boiling cream.

LADIES' CABBAGE.—Boil a firm
white cabbage fifteen minutes,
changing the water then for more
from the boiling teakettle. When
tender, drain, and set aside until per-
fectly cold. Chop fine, and add two
beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter,
pepper, salt, three tablespoonfuls rich
milk or cream. Stir all well together,
and bake in a buttered pudding dish
until brown. Serve very hot.

**SOUTHERN MODE OF COOKING
RICE.**—Pick over the rice and wash it
in cold water; to one pint of rice put
three quarts of boiling water and half
teaspoon of salt; boil it just seven-
teen minutes from the time it begins
to boil; turn off all the water; set it
over a moderate fire with the cover
off, to steam fifteen minutes. Take
care and be accurate. The rice water
first poured off is good to stiffen mus-
lin.

Dry.

A Mount Holyoke girl, who was
studying to be a missionary, wrote the
following on the fly-leaf of her text-
book on moral science:
If there should be another flood,
I'd refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged
This book would still be dry.

WISE WORDS.

That is the bitterest of all—to wear
the yoke of our own wrong doing.

There is no greater delight than to
be conscious of sincerity on self-exami-
nation.

The world may owe you a living, but
you have to step around lively and col-
lect your bills.

It is better to believe that a man
does possess good qualities than to as-
sert that he does not.

The men who do things maturely,
slowly, deliberately, are the men who
oftenest succeed in life. People who
are habitually in a hurry have to do
things twice over. The tortoise beats
the hare at last.

There is no better test of purity and
true goodness than reluctance to think
evil of one's neighbor, and absolutely
incapacity to believe an evil report
about good men, except upon the most

